THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1729

this paper was purchased by Benjamin Franklin and published by him as "The Pennsylvania Gazette" until

1765

when it passed into other hands. The title was changed to "The Saturday Evening Post" on August 4,

Founded A.D. 1728

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 23, 1898

Volume 171 Number 4

5 cents a copy
$2.50 a Year

1821

and the office of publication was the one formerly occupied by Benjamin Franklin, in the rear of 53 Market St., Philadelphia. In the year

1897

it became the property of the present publishers,

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second-Class Matter

SENTENCED TO BE MARRIED

By Aaron Mason

WITH PICTURES BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

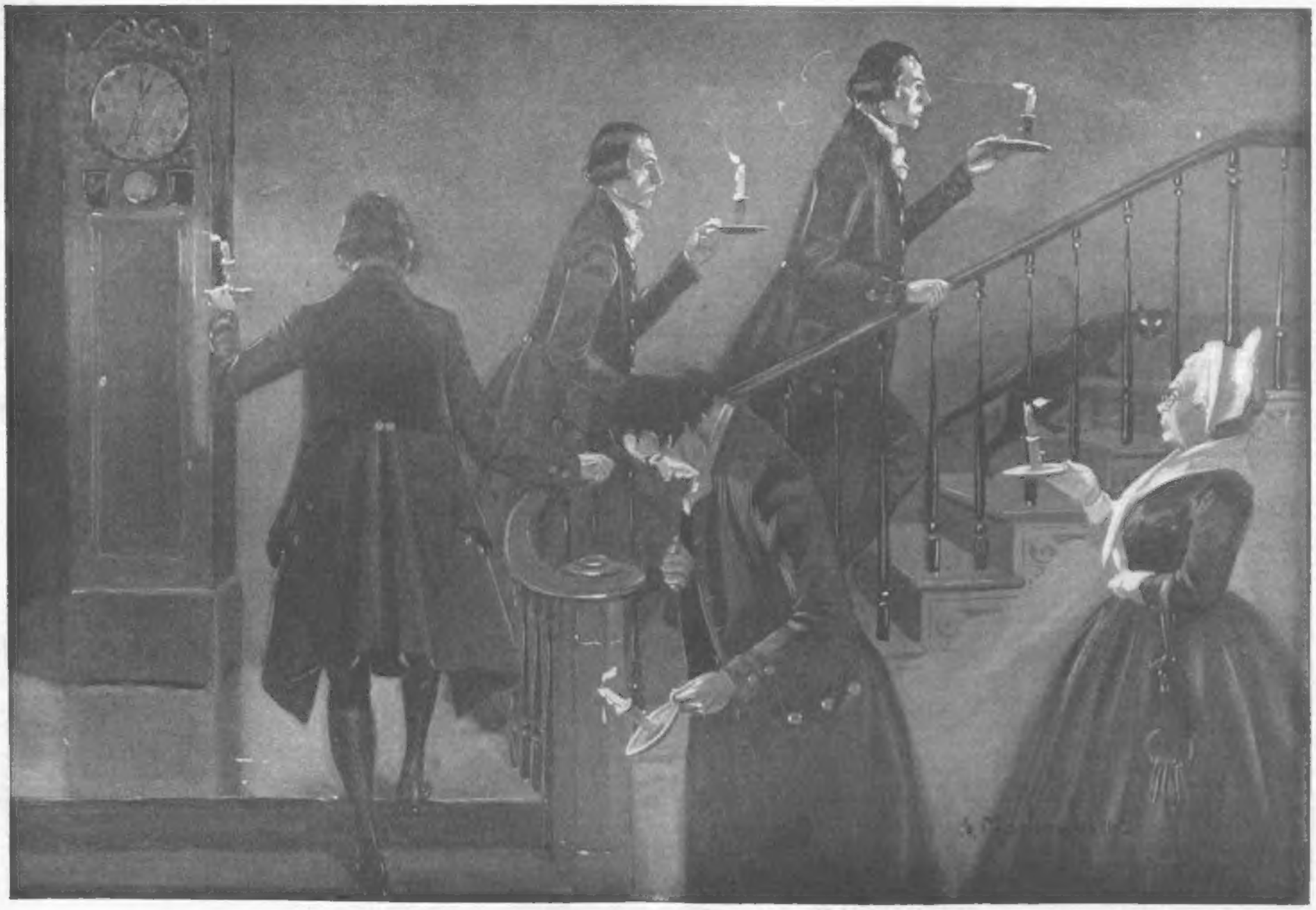
HARSIMUS survives the storms and changes of a hundred years, but only as the stone survives the moss which devours it. The mansion, in 1776, was luxurious, as country Colonial residences went, and faced Harsimus Cove, a curve in the Hudson shore long since filled in, and now occupied by freight houses of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Curious New Yorkers may see the place yet, cramped and supported by tumble-down flats, and a building given over to a score of Jewish families.

In its earlier days Harsimus House was tenanted, and the broad, fertile acres on which it stood were tilled by four brothers, whom the farmers in the neighborhood knew as the Forsinjuns, a corruption of the Four Saint Johns. They were in very comfortable circumstances. When their father died he had left them a goodly sum, and this by thrift and judicious use had considerably increased. Then, too, the farm was valuable. Their negro servants were plumper, their horses sleeker and their crops larger than those of the other Jersey planters. Yet, because they remained unmarried, they were reputed miserly.

They were so much alike physically that any two of them might have been mistaken for twins, though the deepening of the gray in their hair, from John up to the eldest, showed plainly the graduation of their ages. A habit of keeping together which they had was so firmly fixed, that, although it necessarily interfered with their business, they never broke away from it. At bed and board, in church and field, where Abram went, there were Peter, James and John.

This peculiarity had been noted all over the Colony, and by some had been severely criticized; and, notwithstanding its evident plagiary from the First Reader, there had been fathered upon the Forsinjuns the following fable: When their sire was about to

"THE FOUR SAINT JOHNS, THE HOUSEKEEPER AND THE CAT MARCHED UP TO BED"



leave them forever, it was asserted, he called his sons to him, and, after a lecture of some length, commanded one of them to bring into the chamber a bundle of sticks. This having been done, each son in turn was asked to break the bundle across his knee. None of them was able to perform the feat; whereat the old gentleman held forth on the advantages of unity, showing them how, a stick at a time, the breaking of the bundle would have been an easy matter.

There had been a time when John tried to break away from the tie which bound him to the other three. One Sabbath morning, he had seen a young girl in church, and, to the great stirring of his brothers' nerves, had sought an introduction to her. He obtained it easily enough, and for several evenings afterward his brothers had sat up considerably later than usual awaiting his return.

On the last of these occasions, John found them calmly awaiting him in the dining-room. As he quietly opened the door and joined them, the sight of the vacant chair he should have occupied gave him a rude shock. He slipped into it, and the four sat with their elbows on the table and their heads in their hands, looking obliquely at the walls to avoid each other's eyes. The old Dutch woman, the housekeeper, was there, too, sitting before the fire, with her elbows on her knees. Her eyes were fixed on an overgrown cat, which was making his evening toilette on the top of a large English clock. The animal seemed to mock his owners, mimicking their attitudes. Silent they all sat, until at last the wooden cuckoo leaped wildly from his hiding-place and announced midnight. Then the Four Saint Johns, in order of age, arose, and, followed by the housekeeper and preceded by the cat, marched to bed.

For several years from that eventful day the brothers were never parted.

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Second Chapter

IT WILL hardly be believed these four men were ardent patriots; indeed, two of them would have served in the Revolutionary War if they could have made up their minds to leave their brothers. But the fraternal tie was stronger than their patriotism, so, since some of them must remain at Harsimus to till the common acres, and they could not make up their minds to separate, they all remained.

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John persuaded his brothers to allow him to procure a uniform and accoutrements; and an old negro servant, who had seen fighting with the French, taught him the elements of the drill. The three elders still considered John a mere boy. They chuckled over him as old men will over youths; called him a sad dog, and, on the whole, regarded him as an example of the frivolity and instability of boyhood. Yet people were not wanting in the Colony who openly affirmed that John was a man, associated with three shrewd old women.

On July 6, 1776, the news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence came to the Forsinjuns. They were in the hay-field, and while the first excitement of the tidings was upon them, John threw up his hat in an outburst of patriotism. The oldest brother, Abram, slipped, in his excitement, from a load of hay upon which he was seated.

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John ran to him immediately. "Where are you hurt?" he asked.

Abram stretched out his hand in an endeavor to show him. The blood had left his face, and notwithstanding the heat of the day, a cold sweat had broken out upon his forehead.

"Stand back, all of you!" cried John to the negro servants who were pressing closely round the sufferer. The servants obeyed, and instinctively the other two brothers, for a moment, also fell to the rear.

"Now," said John to the negroes, "fetch me a hurdle from the headland and pack it loosely with hay. And you, Peter and James, go home and tell Gretchen to prepare for a sick man and the Doctor. Abram's leg's broke; that's what's happened. I'll see to the bringing of him home and ride into Newark after Doctor Carter."

Then he turned to the sick man: "Cheer up, Abram; we'll have you fixed all right before very long. Don't be afraid—cheer up! What's a little thing like this? Why, out in the wars, with Washington, this kind of thing, and worse, happens every minute."

The sufferer groaned and endeavored to turn over on his side; but at that moment the negroes came back with the hurdle, and, on the improvised stretcher, Abram Saint John was brought to Harsimus House. Six black servants bore him, and the rest of the negroes followed with whispers and wise headshakes.

"Massa Abram's hurt bad," said one.

"De Lord be thanked," said another, "it ain't Massa John."

In the meantime, that youth was on his favorite horse, speeding to Newark. On his way he had to pass a large Colonial residence, and among the trees of the orchard, where the road hedged, his eye caught sight of a woman. He bowed low in his saddle, and a pair of blue eyes were turned upon him, half-wistfully, half-recognizingly. But whether in shameful timidity or in the impoliteness of haste, John Saint John set spurs to his horse and hurried onward.

"Four years," he muttered. "Four years—and she looked as if she remembered me."

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Third Chapter

THE Forsinjuns had mixed very little in Jersey society, but when the news of the accident spread through the Colony, and to relatives in New York, there were many callers; for the brothers were known to be wealthy. Among these were Madame Hart and her four daughters. She was the widow of a half-brother of John Saint John the elder, deceased, and her daughters were the nearest living relatives of the rich brothers. She, like many another, had a standing grievance against the Forsinjuns because they would not marry, though she was sure, she said, that she did not want them for her daughters. They, thank Heaven, were well provided for; and, in case the brothers all died childless, as it seemed they would, their property would come to her children anyway. She must say, however, that she would not look unfavorably upon a match between John and her youngest; for he was not so namby-pamby as the rest.

When she and her children called to condole with Abram in his pain, she recommended many lotions and ointments whose efficacy her late spouse, John Hart, had learned from the Indians of Manhattan. Then she bowed demurely to each of her nephews and withdrew. But once in the hall, the old lady stopped, gathered her chickens around her, and said aloud, so that each of the Forsinjuns, even the sick man, might hear: "We must be charitable, my dears, but there is not a man or woman in the Colonies who does not know it is wicked for rich young men to remain single. Before long there will be a worse visitation to this house than a broken leg. Mark my words."

"AND SHE LOOKED AS IF SHE REMEMBERED ME"

"Brothers," said Abram Saint John, when she was gone, "I will get up." The old housekeeper jumped to her feet and looked at the three other brothers as though expecting them to protest. None of them spoke. John was looking at the polished floor between his feet. Peter and James were examining opposite corners of the huge bedstead.

Gretchen gazed scornfully at each in turn. There was no replying nor encouraging glance, not even from John. "Here'll be a pretty kettle of fish when Doctor Carter comes," she said, as, in high indignation, she, preceded by her cat, left the room.

But the housekeeper was wrong; for, strange to relate, Abram Saint John sat solemnly up in bed, and began to take the bandages from his long-rested limb, though he had not been in bed more than two weeks. Then he dressed himself gingerly, and walked out of the sick-room with a very perceptible limp, yet, for all the purposes of his daily life, a whole man. The others waited a while, and at intervals Peter and James slowly followed, leaving John in a deep, sombre revery and—alone.

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Fourth Chapter

IT WAS the fall of 1776, and Snake Hill was dancing in the heated shimmer. The meadow rushes were drying harsh under that withering sun. Already the guns of the Revolution were beginning to reap a red harvest of victory, and the farmers' yellow harvest had been garnered. But the Forsinjuns were not happy. Their cousin's parting arrow had wounded them sore; they began to realize that one of them must marry. In newly settled countries there often grows up an intense dislike for men who, having means and the opportunity to marry, remain single, and little as they cared for society, the brothers of Harsimus had each come to the conclusion separately, and without counsel, that one of them must wed.

For weeks they went about their business with hanging heads, though a new light had begun to gleam in the eyes of the youngest, John. But one morning, at breakfast, Abram Saint John, with his face averted, opened his mouth for the first time on the subject which lay nearest to all their hearts. Without any preamble, Abram proposed that, as all their names occurred in the Bible, the old housekeeper should be called in, told to take the Scriptures, open them at random, and read. Then the brother whose name was first mentioned should straightway take to himself a wife.

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The others acquiescing—for this was the way in which their father had chosen their names—the old housekeeper was called. She opened the Book gingerly, as though she feared it had some physical power of good or ill; and, adjusting her spectacles carefully, read in a high, creaking voice:

> "'They are like unto children sitting in the marketplace, and calling one to another, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept. For John——'"

"Stop," said Abram. The old lady closed the Book with a snap, angered at the sudden interruption; but John Saint John had already leaped to his feet and hurried out.

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Fifth Chapter

THAT evening John Saint John brought home a wife to Harsimus House. She was a small, pale thing, with blue eyes and fair hair; the same the brothers had seen John courting at the church door. They did not welcome her; they said no word, good or ill. Her coming into the family seemed to have brought an element of separation with it. The brothers, who had never been seen apart, were now never seen together; and a more absolutely miserable quintette could hardly have been found.

John Saint John began to waste away, and his misery was reflected in the face of his loving and attentive little wife. One spring morning he, and the uniform he had so long drilled in, disappeared. In their sorrow for his loss the three remaining brothers and the wife of the absent one became reconciled.

Eagerly they waited for news of him, and, at last, it came—a letter, dated in a field hospital of the patriots in Long Island. It was addressed to the Brothers Saint John, and was very short and piteous:

> "I am wounded to the death. The cold is creeping over me. I wish the old days were back again. Use Alison well for my sake, and if our child should be a son, name him after me. JOHN SAINT JOHN."

The letter was received at the breakfast table. The three Sinjuns read it in turn and handed it to John's wife. She glanced it over and laid it down. Shortly afterward she re-read it. Her face betrayed no emotion except for a slight tremor of her under lip. The brothers sat silent, as usual.

At last the woman spoke.

"I shall go to him," she said. She had caught the Forsinjun habit of looking intently at inanimate objects as she talked. In this instance, her gaze was concentrated on the dim, shaded outline of the scabbard of John's sword in the wall paint. "I should like an escort," she continued softly.

She waited for a few minutes in silence. Gretchen came in and placed the coffee and cakes in their accustomed place.

"Abram," said Alison then, "will you take me over to see my husband?"

The eldest brother moved uneasily in his seat, but made no further reply.

"John has told me," continued the woman slowly, as though weighing every word, "that in the old days, before I came, that you, Abram, loved him. Won't you, for his sake, take me to see him before he dies?"

Abram rose from his chair, and took a step toward his brother's wife. Then he turned and left the room.

A little flame of anger came into the woman's eyes.

"Will either of you two help me?" she said, now directing her gaze in turn on Peter and James.

There was no reply. The two Saint Johns to whom she had appealed shifted uneasily in their seats.

"Then I must go alone. God help me!" As she said it she fell to her knees with her arms on the table and her head on her arms. Peter and James Saint John, as they went to the door, heard a little sob, and they broke into a run, as if it had been a pistol-shot.

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Sixth Chapter

A FEW months later Alison Saint John was seated on the veranda of the Colonial residence on the Newark Road. There was a cradle at her feet, over which she occasionally leaned to look reverentially into the blue eyes of the fat little heir to the Harsimus acres.

Presently she called to her aged mother and father to come quickly.

The young mother had discovered the first edge of a tooth in her child's mouth.

While the three were congratulating each other, they heard a deprecating cough. Turning, they saw the three Sinjuns at the foot of the veranda steps.

Alison's father pulled himself together, and with all the dignity he could command walked toward them.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" he asked.

Very foolish the three Sinjuns looked standing at the bottom of the stairs. They did not know what the old gentleman could do for them; indeed, they had been so lost to everything since John's wife had left them that a child could have abashed them. Alison's father seemed very terrible.

"Gretchen, our housekeeper, is dead," said Abram at last.

"Well?"

This apparently unconcerned query disconcerted them completely. They made one last endeavor to look the old gentleman in the face, and then moved away with hanging heads. But, as they were passing Alison and the child, they halted almost with the precision of a military squad.

"Alison," said Abram slowly, "it is lonely up at Harsimus. John's sword hangs over the mantel. We look at it and weep. Now Gretchen is dead, we are very lonely up at Harsimus. We thought we would come down and see John's son."

But the widow of John Saint John pressed her child to her breast, as though to guard it from some evil influence, and made no reply.

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AARON MASON was born in 1870, near Cambridge, England, and his childhood was passed among the elm groves, limes, and quaint old churchyards which Gray, Byron and Milton have commemorated. He studied first as a Queen's Scholar in the Normal College at Carmarthen, South Wales, and from 1890 to 1892 in the University of his birthplace. In 1893 he took his Bachelor of Arts degree, and proceeded to the Head Mastership of the Brighouse Higher Grade School, in Yorkshire. While there he contributed poems and essays to the English newspapers, and printed a volume of poems.

Mr. Mason came to this country in 1895. Associated with the Hon. F. Berger, of the Academie Française des États-Unis, he has been known heretofore as a French scholar and as a promising writer of verse who has already done clever work.

FAR FROM THE FRONT

A Story of the Civil War.

By SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

ANNE LATHAM had not heard from her husband, Benjamin Latham, in three months. In time of war women grow accustomed to long epistolary silences, but never before had Anne been so long without tidings. She was a hopeful woman, and had schooled herself to look on the bright side; nor had she been unrewarded, for Latham had served in Lee's Army four long years unharmed by disease or bullet. During the past year, however, anxiety for the absent soldiers was not the only trial that came to rack the hearts of the women of the Confederacy. The wolf, hunger, long kept at bay by good crop years, scratched at the door.

It was not so hard to want themselves, but it was sickening to see their children lack. And it came to pass that many of the wives of the poor non-slave-owning whites who dwelt in the hills sometimes asked themselves if they were not paying too dearly for the possibility of some day owning a negro, and other benefits promised by secession.

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Anne Latham, in the hills of West Alabama, had managed fairly well for three years. She had a horse with which to do plowing, and she had raised corn, peas and potatoes, which, with the milk of her cow, fed her little family of three; and with her spinning-wheel and loom she spun and wove clothing for herself and children.

For three years she had kept a brave heart, and it was not till the Confederate Government pressed her horse into service that she began to despond.

The children wept when they beheld old Nancy disappear down the piney hill road, but something beside grief for the loss of the faithful old mare set Anne's heart aching. If the war should last another year, how was she, without Nancy, to cultivate the field and make bread for her children?

She wrote the loss to Ben, but added that she had enough to last her through the coming winter, and bade him not to fret. That was in the autumn. Spring came and found her with little to subsist upon but the milk of her cow, and the cow was going dry.

It was on a stormy night in April that Anne's future seemed to her well-nigh as dark as the skies. Everything that she knew was discouraging, and the unknown might be even worse. For if he were not dead, why had her husband not written?

It was full night when Anne came from milking Bettie, the cow, and built the fire to bake a pone of corn-bread for the children.

When all was ready—the little all—she divided the small pitcher of milk between the children, and broke the pone of bread into three pieces, taking the smallest herself.

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"Mammie, where's your cup?" asked the six-year-old Ben.

"I don't care for milk nowadays, sonnie," replied Anne.

"You used to drink it, mammie."

"Yes; when we had a lot o' milk, somebody had to drink it to keep it from spoiling. But come, eat your supper," said the mother, willing to change the subject, and forcing a smile to her thin, hunger-stricken face; "it's time little folks went to bed."

"I want some more milk, mammie," said four-year-old Lucy, beating her empty tin cup on the table.

"There isn't any more. Take some of my bread."

"No, mammie," said the boy; "give her my cup. I've had enough."

A lump came in the little fellow's throat, for he knew more of his mother's trouble than she supposed, and, throwing his arm about her neck, he kissed her tenderly.

"Mammie, when is pap coming home from the war?"

Anne replied to the child's query with forced cheerfulness, and when the children were tucked away in bed, placing a light-wood knot upon the fading fire, she brought out her knitting. The wind sobbed down the chimney, and the rain rattled upon the cabin roof, for the storm was growing fiercer. Everything was gloomy but the blazing knot and the old gray cat which sat purring by the fire. Thank God, the Government did not press cats—cats and women were left at home to catch mice, and bake, and plow.

The fire sent lights and shadows dancing about the room, now leaping across the rafters, now lingering on the bed where the children lay peacefully sleeping. Anne stopped knitting and leaned her head upon her thin, worn hand. She was hungry, but her heart was hungriest of all. What was beyond the storm and darkness, far away? Where was her husband to-night? If she could only know he was alive and well she could battle with want a while longer. Perhaps with the coming grass the cow would still give milk enough for the children. She herself would continue to exist some way. She could boil herbs, or catch fish in the creek. She thought if she could only get a letter from Ben she could live through anything.

The cat stopped purring, and Anne, with her tired head upon her hand, began to nod from very weariness. In a semi-conscious state she crooned softly a lullaby that she sung her children to sleep with. Then she fell asleep. Hungry people are prone to dream, and Anne dreamed of far-off Virginia. She was with her husband, and yet she was most unhappy, for she had left her children behind, and she could hear them, far away, crying with hunger and calling for her.

Suddenly she woke and sprang to her feet. What was that? A step on the cabin porch. Whose could it be at this hour? Whoever it was did not knock. Instead, the door was suddenly opened. She shrank back.

"Ben—Ben!" she sobbed, and a tattered, travel-stained, dripping figure in Confederate gray clasped her tightly in his arms.

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The next moment she drew her husband to the fire, and as she heaped on the wood her trembling and tearful laughter was pitiful to witness. She could not control herself.

"Oh, Anne," cried Latham; "how thin and starved you look!" Then he walked to the bed where the children lay.

Leaving the fire she stood beside him.

"Don't wake them," he said; and bending down he kissed them.

"I hadn't heard from you in three months, Ben, and I feared you were dead," said Anne; "and now you are here—oh, Ben, I am so happy."

"I was sick in the hospital," said the man, with his arm around her waist; "and when I got back to camp, John Holmes had a letter from his wife in which she said you and the children were nigh starvation, and when I heard that word I started for home."

Latham gazed at his wife tenderly.

"And you—Oh, Anne!—you are starving!" he exclaimed, for Anne's thin face turned gray, and, reeling, she would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

"Thank God, there's some bacon left in my knapsack," said Latham, placing his wife in a chair.

In a few minutes the frying-pan was sputtering on the fire, and the frying bacon filled the cabin with its savory scent, and a hurriedly made hoe-cake lay baking before the hot coals.

"Oh, Ben; how long is your furlough?" asked Anne suddenly, as she sat by her husband's side with the color coming slowly back to her hollow cheeks. Hunger and sorrow forgotten in the joy of Latham's return, the only mote that could mar her happiness was the thought of a future parting.

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"Never mind about the furlough," replied Ben, moving uneasily in his chair. "We won't talk about it to-night. After a man's been fighting four years he has a right to kiss his wife and children without thinking about the dreadful war."

"How long is it going to last, Ben?"

Latham had risen to his feet and was walking the cabin floor.

"God knows! But it can't last much longer unless men learn to live without food and clothes. It's got mighty nigh to that pass now. We can't hold out a year. It's two to one, and we ain't had any luck since Stonewall Jackson was killed. The men fight as well as ever, but how they have the heart to keep it up is a wonder, with letters coming from home telling of wives and children in woeful want."

Ben Latham stopped and looked at his wife with a reddish light shining in his haggard eyes that almost frightened her.

"The men are fighting for their country, Ben," said the wife encouragingly.

"For their country!" exclaimed Latham. "What is country to a man when wife and children are starving?"

The scant meal was now ready and the two sat down to eat. There was much to be heard and told. In answer to her husband's questions, the wife gave the story of her struggles and makeshifts. When she had finished, Latham inquired how much food there was in the cabin, and Anne replied that there was enough meal for two days, but when it was gone there was no more corn in the barn to be ground, and the potatoes had all rotted weeks ago.

Then the man said the country was full of game. During the four years' strife between North and South there had been little hunting, with the result that the wild creatures, unharmed, had multiplied almost beyond belief. So that Latham told Anne he was sure he could trap enough game to keep the family till garden and field could yield their produce, and furthermore, till the truck grew, he could also weave fish-traps of white oak splints, and catch fish in Sipsey River. Oh, he could manage, said the husband.

"But won't you have to go back to the Army before the crop's made?" said Anne.

The little supper had been eaten and the woman was now clearing the table.

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"Anne," said Latham, with a touch of impatience, "I've just come; don't let us talk of my leaving."

"I'm sorry I spoke of it, Ben; but I'm so glad to have you back again, the thought of your leaving keeps rising before me like a ghost," replied the wife with tears in her sad, weary eyes.

"Well, let ghosts alone to-night. I've seen enough dead men," said Latham with a mirthless laugh that sounded dry and forced.

Husband and wife continued to talk, but something as intangible as a shadow marred all efforts at cheerfulness. At last Anne, after a silence, exclaimed:

"How glad all the neighbors will be to see you, Ben. They'll have a thousand questions to ask. There hasn't been anybody home from the Army in six months."

"I don't want to see any of the neighbors," said Latham, almost shortly.

"Oh, Ben!"

Anne looked at her husband in grieved surprise, and the tattered soldier continued as if by way of necessary explanation:

"I haven't time, Anne, for going about saying howd'ye and shaking hands. That's for people with fat barns and smokehouses. I must forage for you and the children. I shall be away most of the daytime hunting and fishing."

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Anne was troubled. Something was wrong and she could not fathom it. A vague apprehension of some unseen evil haunted her. She longed to question her husband in order to relieve her mind of anxiety, but she knew not how to form her questions even had she not feared to ask them. Ben was keeping something from her, she was sure.

The latter viewed his wife's sorrowful face, and his conscience smote him. He kissed her several times.

"There, Anne; come, cheer up. Neighbors be hanged! I don't want to think of anybody but you and the children to-night."

Anne forced a smile, and Latham lit his pipe, but it did not seem to soothe him. In a few minutes he was again walking the floor. Meantime the storm raged outside.

"Anne; do you have visitors often? Is there much passing on the road?"

The wife replied that few people came to the house, and there were few wayfarers.

"I'm glad of that," said Latham in a tone of relief, resuming his seat by the fire.

This remark, so unlike the Ben Latham of old, was too much for Anne. Bursting into tears, she threw her arms about her husband's neck.

"Oh, Ben, Ben; what is it? I'm so frightened. You are not as you used to be. Something dreadful has happened or is going to happen. Tell me—tell me what it is?"

"Nothing is going to happen, Anne. What nonsense! You've been so much alone you've grown notiony. What'll happen is that you'll be seeing spirits and ghosts if you don't rid your brain of such fancies," said the man, kissing his wife and laughing.

But the laugh was nervous and hollow, and the next moment he started to his feet.

"What's that, Anne? Don't you hear something?"

"Nothing but the storm," said the woman.

"Yes; there's some one at the gate—it's a man's tread—he's coming to the door. Great God," exclaimed Latham excitedly.

Startled by her husband's wild look, a dreadful thought came to Anne. Had hardship and hunger turned his brain?

"Ben—Ben," she cried, wringing her hands, "nobody is coming to harm us."

"Anne, I mustn't be seen," said Latham greatly agitated.

There was a knock at the door.

"Anne, wife," said the man, grasping the woman's arm; "I'm a deserter. When I heard John Holmes' wife's letter, I deserted. I ran off in the night. I couldn't stay when I knew you and the children were starving."

The knock came again.

"If I'm seen, I shall be disgraced, and the punishment for desertion is death," whispered Latham hoarsely.

Anne Latham looked at her husband. If he had deserted, it was not by reason of cowardice, nor to go over to the enemy, but for love of her and his children. Patriotism is born at the hearthstone, and man fights and dies for it. What is country but an assemblage of homes? There was an enemy far from the front attacking Ben Latham's home—an enemy that only he could battle with, and he had come home tattered and war-worn to fight hand-to-hand with hunger for those he loved. These or similar thoughts came to Anne Latham, and with them a flood of affection for her husband.

"Hush, Ben," she said, "and open the door. Most likely it is some traveler who has lost his way, and doesn't know you."

The knock rang again, for the third time, and as Ben Latham opened the cabin door a dripping man in a Captain's uniform of Confederate gray entered the room.

Anne Latham recognized the officer. It was Ben's Captain, and with a cry of alarm she clutched her husband's arm.

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"Great Scott! Latham, is it you! I was lost and rode for the first light. By Jove, it's a stormy night—as bad as some we had in Virginia. In Heaven's name, man, why are you staring so? What's the matter?"

Ben Latham stood, indeed, like a man frozen, and gazed at his Captain dazed and speechless.

"Who would have believed you'd have treated your Captain so! And after fighting under him for four years! Man, I'm ashamed of you. Don't forget you're a soldier."

Still Ben Latham was silent, and the Captain looked at him astonished.

"This is your wife, I presume, and these are your children." The officer went to the bed and surveyed the little sleepers.

As he did so Latham fell into a chair and began to sob as he had not done since he was a child. His wife stood over him filled with bewildered distress. She turned to the Captain.

"Captain," she said; "you have a furlough, and you are going home to your family. Be merciful to a man who couldn't get a furlough and hadn't seen his wife and children in three years."

"Why, I never knew that! If I had known the fact he should have had leave long ago." The Captain looked at Anne thoroughly mystified. "But I can't understand your husband's strange conduct toward me."

"BUT ANNE WAS NOT LISTENING. SHE WAS KNEELING BY HER HUSBAND"

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"Captain," continued Anne. "My husband may have done wrong, but he couldn't help it. He heard that his wife and children were about to starve, and he hurried home."

"I've hurried, too. It hasn't been more than ten days since Lee's surrender."

"What, sir?" asked the wife eagerly. "Lee's surrendered!"

"Yes; and the war's over. Hasn't your husband told you?" asked the Captain.

Ben Latham's sobs ceased, and he sat like a man in a dream.

"Mrs. Latham," said the Captain kindly, "there wasn't a braver man in my company than your husband, but he's worn out, and I fear he's going into a fever. That only can account for his strange behavior to-night."

But Anne was not listening. She was kneeling by her husband.

"Ben, did you hear the Captain? Lee's surrendered, and the war's over. The Captain thinks you must have left for home the same day he did."

The Captain had gone to the door to view the weather. The storm was over.

"Do you understand, Ben? You were never missed from the company, for Lee surrendered a few hours after you left, and—and nobody knows your secret but me."

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Twenty-first Chapter

WEYLAND came in from an early morning walk. Aline, dressed in a becoming waist, stylish black silk skirt and silver belt, was arranging some pieces of music on the piano.

The artist kissed her affectionately.

"Guess who I saw as I came up," he said.

"I can't imagine, dear."

"Chester's got back."

"Ah, has he?" She was sorry that his hands were on her shoulder, for she knew that he felt her start.

"Yes," said Weyland; "and I never saw him look worse. He must have been ill over there, or he's been working at night."

"Did you speak to Mr. Chester, papa?" the girl questioned.

"Only to shake hands with him and tell him I was glad to see him back. I asked him to run up as soon as he found time. He won't be long about it."

There was a suggestion of hidden meaning in Weyland's words. Neither he nor his daughter spoke for several minutes. Then the artist looked anxiously at Aline.

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"My dear," he said, "I wish I could talk to you like a man ought to an only child, but somehow I can't. My words get stuck in my throat. I'm afraid I've treated you more like a sweetheart than a daddy."

"Oh, papa, don't say such foolish things," said Aline; but although she attempted to speak lightly, her voice trembled.

"But the time has come when I must talk," went on Weyland. "I know I'll make a muddle of it, but it's my duty to you, and I'll try to go through with it."

Aline's heart sank. What she had so dreaded for months—that her father would talk to her about Chester—was coming. She sank helplessly in a big chair and wadded her handkerchief tightly in her hand to steady herself.

"It's about Chester, dear," he said awkwardly, his honest face now perfectly red.

"I know it, papa," she said bravely, without looking up.

"He's in love with you, daughter. I have seen it ever since you came from school. At first I thought it was all on his side, but later I saw you were interested in him. I offered no objection, dear, for I've learned to love Chester as I never loved even a brother. Somehow he has twined himself around my heart and sympathies till his interests are my own. He's the best and truest friend God ever gave me. There is nothing he would not do for me. Do you remember when you were at school and were so desirous of finishing because you wanted to go through with your friends in the class? Well, I had never had a harder run of luck in my life. I had the pictures, but there was no market for them. Chester had some money and freely offered it to me, but knowing that he was thinking of investing it in a publishing venture I flatly refused the loan."

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"Oh, papa!" cried Aline. "Why didn't you write me about it? If I'd imagined you were so hard up I should never have stayed."

"I didn't tell you because it was important that you should finish," said Weyland, running his fingers through his hair, "but I have not told you what Louis did. Finding that I would not take his money, he resorted to deception to gain his point. He gave the money to some well-to-do friends of his, had them call here and admire the pictures. They bought over a thousand dollars' worth, and I never knew it till one of the buyers long afterward let out to a gossip who finally told it to me. I paid it back, but I'm still his debtor."

"How good of him!" exclaimed Aline. "I wish I'd known it before."

"But that's not what I want to speak about now," went on the artist. "Louis is going through an awful struggle. He hardly knows the meaning of it himself. He's high-strung, morbidly conscientious, and undervalues himself so much that, while he's really desperately in love with you, he imagines all sorts of calamities when he thinks of asking me for you."

"Oh, papa, I'm afraid you don't know him," began Aline, but her father interrupted her by raising both his hands.

"Hold on—let me finish, now that I am started. I know exactly what I'm talking about. He has betrayed it in every word he has ever spoken about you. When he hears your step he starts and changes color. He simply thinks that as he's not rich and has only his profession, and as he is so much older than you, he's not your equal. Long before he met you he used to deliver long tirades against men marrying girls young enough to be their daughters. It's been a sort of hobby of his, and when he met you and fell in love, he simply lost his bearings. Don't doubt his love, Aline; I have your interest at heart, and nothing would please me more than to have you marry him."

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"Do you really think he loves me?"

"More deeply, more tenderly than one man out of ten thousand loves," answered Weyland. "If he did not love you so deeply he would never hesitate so much over proposing. My dear, you must simply take the poor fellow in hand. Neither of you will ever see another happy day till this thing is settled. Really, I believe you are made for each other. I don't want to give you up, but you'll marry some day, and he's my choice above all men."

Aline flushed beautifully.

"But what can I do, papa?"

"Simply encourage him. You've never done so, have you?"

"How could I, when he seemed to doubt the wisdom of our marriage?"

"That's the reason he has been so much in doubt about it himself," replied the artist. "If you'd assured him you were willing to take the risk he would have felt differently about it. It don't seem right the way I put it, but I can handle colors on canvas better than I can colors in words, and I don't always get just the tint in an expression that I want."

"I was sometimes afraid he did not love me enough," said the girl.

Then the electric doorbell rang loudly.

Twenty-second Chapter

"THAT'S his ring," said Weyland, picking up his hat. "I'm going for another walk. I'll leave you alone. Remember all I've said."

Aline made no response. The color had left her face, and her hands looked cold and bloodless as they lay against her black skirt.

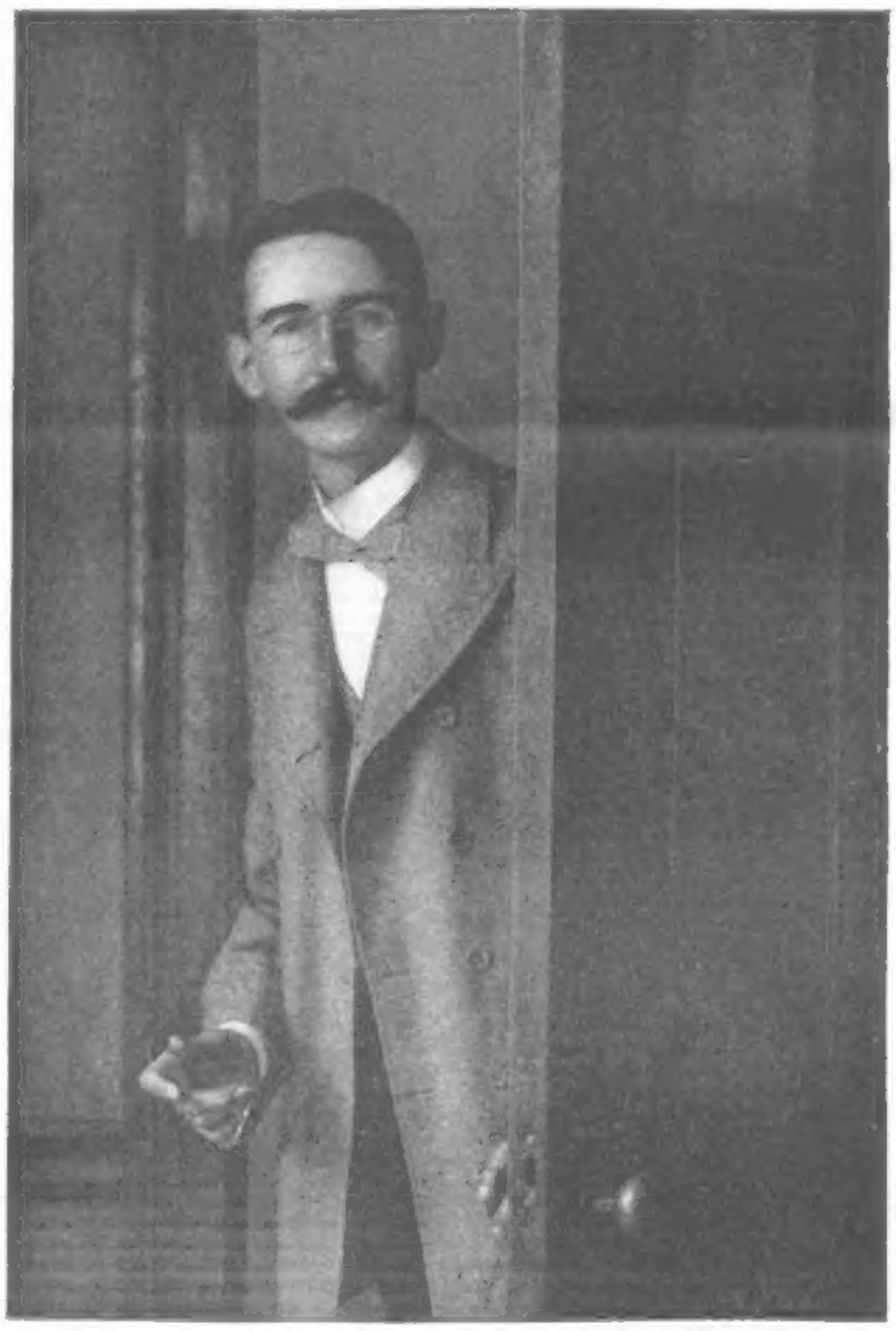
She heard her father in the little hall making excuses for leaving so suddenly, and then her lover entered, holding out his hand and smiling happily.

"Here once more," he laughed.

"And we're glad to see you back, too," said Aline. "We missed you very much."

Chester twisted his gloves tightly and coiled them around his left forefinger.

"I have been like a fish out of water over there," he jested. "You know it's an awfully slow place. Nearly killed me."



"'HERE ONCE MORE!' CHESTER LAUGHED"

Aline laughed. The memory of her father's words, supplemented by the expression of tenderness in Chester's face, made her spirits rise.

"It's such a beautiful morning I thought you might like to take a walk," he hinted.

"Yes, indeed, I should like to go," Aline said as she rose. "I'll go and get my hat."

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They were a handsome couple as they strolled up Fifth Avenue, and they attracted much admiration from people they met.

"Have you got to work on the new novel you spoke to me about?" asked Aline.

"I have not begun it."

"Don't you feel as if you could succeed with it? I liked the idea so much, and so did papa. He often mentions it."

"Another plot has come into my head, and one that drives out every other idea," Chester sighed. There was a gleam of desperate determination in his eyes as he looked down into her face. "Shall I tell you about it? I have two characters. One is a young girl just out of school. She's as beautiful as a hot-house lily, upon which not even the earth's breezes have blown. She's so good, so gentle, so inexperienced, that she sees good even in evil. The other character's a man old enough to be her father, who has been a thorough man of the world. He has fancied himself in love many times, but never is actually so till he meets and learns to love this young girl. Then——"

"Then," she repeated, for the rumble of passing vehicles had drowned his words.

"Then," continued Chester, "he is overcome with such a startling realization of his unfitness that he dares not take her fate into his keeping. This state of mind finally produces such morbidness of indecision that he's next door to insane. He resorts to every imaginable thing to bring him out of the dilemma. He is haunted at once with a belief that the girl may love him and that he may be able to make her happy, and with the overwhelming fear that marriage with her would be an unpardonable step in the eyes of God—that God would demand that he should give her up—and suffer."

Chester drew a deep breath. He looked at his companion, but her eyes were averted.

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"That's as far as my plot goes. I can't get the fellow out of his awful dilemma. I make him seek a hypnotist. I make him temporarily give up his will in the hope that some outside force may decide the question for him. I finally make him so disgusted with that attempt that he's fired with the determination to fight longer and more desperately. But still everything is darkness. The light of her soul is all that he has, and he knows not whither that is leading him. I don't see how to handle the character after that, or how to end it."

Some people were passing, and Aline waited till they were out of hearing before she said, with almost bated breath:

"Do you know how I'd end it? I'd have the girl save him. I'd have her sympathize with him for all his goodness to such an extent that she loved him with all her soul. I'd have her father agree with her that the man is the noblest man alive, and that marriage with him would mean perfect happiness for them both. Then—then"—he saw she was quivering with suppressed excitement—"more than all, I'd have her love him so much that he'd see that if he gave her up and left her alone she would be miserable all her life. That would awaken him to a true idea of his duty; he'd never let a poor, helpless girl suffer; he'd be too good, too noble to do that. Yes, that's what I'd do, and I'd make them both blissfully happy."

He turned toward her, and they both stopped, facing each other.

"Oh, Aline, do you understand?"

"I think so, perfectly."

"And you really love me like that?"

"More like that!" she said, trying to jest. "I've hardly started."

"And your father—good, dear Weyland—what would he say if he knew?"

"He told me not half an hour ago that he knew you better than you knew yourself, and that if we were to marry it would make him very happy. He said I must take you in hand. I know you love me as I want you to exactly, and if you go away from me I shall never draw another contented breath."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Chester fervently. "Little girl—Aline—you've given me new life. The darkness has gone. My day has dawned. I feel as if I should die with joy. Let's go back. I want to tell Weyland. Come—let's hurry back."

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Twenty-third Chapter

THE editorial rooms of The Evening Fireside were five floors above the malodorous warerooms of an ink factory near the Brooklyn Bridge. The elevator was used only for freight; the stairs were unlighted and narrow, and looked as if they had not been swept for years."

The boy who took Wilmot's card and disappeared somewhere behind the great stacks of dime novels and bundles of story papers, returned in a few minutes with the information that the visitor could see Miss Underhill at her desk in the corner of the room on the right. Wilmot found her after a moment's search, and went in and stood at her desk.

"I'd like to submit the manuscript of a short story," he said in reply to her upward glance and genial smile.

"We'll be glad of the opportunity," she replied, eyeing him with interest. "We have a good many contributors, who, from long practice with us, have learned our peculiar needs in the way of fiction, but we're always reaching out for new talent. When would you like to have our decision?"

"At once, if it wouldn't inconvenience you," replied Wilmot—"that is, if you pay for contributions on acceptance."

"We generally do so," replied Miss Underhill. "Usually, we're too busy to make hurried examinations, but I'll make an exception in this case, and if you'll wait half an hour I can tell if it is available."

"I'll be glad to do so," answered Wilmot. Miss Underhill rang the call-bell for the boy.

She looked at the last page of the manuscript; then she said: "Show Mr. Wrenshall into the library."

The Schoolmaster's Search for a Wife

THE PERPLEXITY OF JOHN MORTIMER

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

WITH DRAWING BY FRANK MCKERNAN

Wilmot shuddered at the sound of the name he had assumed, but he bowed in a matter-of-fact way as he followed the boy into the adjoining room.

"'Charles Thornton Wrenshall' sounds high enough," he thought when alone. "I hope she won't suspect it's assumed."

Miss Underhill was a rapid reader, and before fifteen minutes had passed she had sent for him. Wilmot wondered if her promptness augured success or failure. He decided that it might as well mean one as the other when he saw the expression on her face as he entered the room and drew near her desk.

"You have done a remarkably fine piece of work, Mr. Wrenshall," she said. "I like it very much indeed. In fact, you've given me quite a treat, but what I am going to say may surprise you, and I hope you'll never repeat it where it could reach the ears of the publishers for whom I work. I am going to be frank and tell you plainly that your story is simply too good—too high—for the tastes of our readers. It's really such a story as one often sees in The Decade, The Columbian, Hamilton's, and magazines of that rank. What we have to publish is work that's decidedly more sensational, and not so really literary in workmanship."

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Wilmot bowed, and tried to give his smile the appearance of naturalness. For a moment Mrs. McGowan's rubicund face loomed before him.

"You're very kind, indeed," he managed to say. "I didn't know if it would suit."

"I haven't the slightest doubt that you could do satisfactory work for us," said Miss Underhill, folding his manuscript and replacing it in its envelope—"that is, if you studied our plans and needs, and really desired to please our clientele, but to be even more frank with you, I hope you'll not try it, for you're capable of better work."

"I think I understand you thoroughly," said Wilmot, recalling what Ellerton had said. "I didn't intend to stick to it very long. It's a case of bread and butter."

"I understand, Mr. Wrenshall; but I still hope you won't—may I say—soil your hands with it. Have you tried other things?"

"Yes, in the way of editorial positions on the papers, but I haven't found an opening so far. Are there any vacancies here?"

"None at present; there's never anything but manuscript reading to do, and that would be even worse for your style than writing our stories."

He thanked her and turned away.

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As Wilmot descended the stairs and emerged into the sunlight of the narrow street which passes under one of the arches of the approach to the great bridge, he was conscious of a deeper, more poignant despair than he had ever felt before.

On his way toward Broadway, in passing through one of the streets which converged at the Five Points, he saw ahead of him a shop decorated in front by three brazen balls.

By the time he had reached the door he had taken his gold watch from his chain. He hesitated a moment—then he entered.

A bald-headed man stood behind a show-case, resting his fat fingers on a velvet mat. Wilmot handed him the watch.

"How much can I get on that for a month?"

The pawnbroker looked at the outside of the watch, opened the case, and examined the works under a magnifying glass.

"Twenty-five dollars," he said, handing the watch back to its owner.

"I'll take it," said Wilmot; "but there is a photograph pasted inside the case. Let me take it out."

The broker opened the case and held the picture to the light.

"Oh, I can get that out all right," he said, applying the blade of his penknife to the circular picture.

"Stop!" cried Wilmot fiercely, his eyes flashing. He was all of a quiver. He felt as if the knife was hurting Muriel.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the man. "I could have managed it easily."

"I can do it better," said Wilmot. And when he had taken out the picture and put it in his note-book, he caught the expression of Muriel's eyes. His heart sank. He hoped she would never know why he had removed the picture she had herself put in his watch that sunny day in the fall when they had gone nutting together. Ah, how near he had come to asking her then to be his wife. Would he ever dare to——

The pawnbroker had returned, and was handing him some bills and a numbered ticket that had on it the name of Charles Wrenshall. Then Wilmot passed out into the sunlight feeling even a heavier weight on his heart than he had felt before he had entered the shop. The feeling was intensified and amounted to real, physical suffering.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A wife would share your every little trouble
Increasing every joy your heart that fills,
She'd halve your income, and exactly double
Your bills.

—A Leap-Year Idyll.

IT FELL upon a day that the worthy Governors of the Grammar School at Pendlebury were called upon to fulfill the onerous duty of selecting and electing a new head-master, or principal. By the outlay of a few paltry hundreds a year they expected to retain the services of as much intellect, culture, knowledge, and experience as could be packed into some six feet of human flesh; and they further demanded that this six feet of packing-case should be endowed with the manners of a Marquis and the cricketing prowess of a real professional.

And the expectations of the Governors were fulfilled. Numberless scholars and gentlemen applied for the desirable post, and the lot finally fell upon John Mortimer, Esq., M.A., whose testimonials read like a Liebig's Extract of the Lives of the Saints, flavored with the essence of Bacon's Advancement of Learning. There seemed nothing that John Mortimer could not do—still less that John Mortimer did not know; in addition to which unparalleled virtue and knowledge, he possessed a handsome appearance and a charming manner, and stood six-feet-one.

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But even this rose among schoolmasters was not without the inevitable thorn; and in this case the inevitable thorn took the form of bachelorhood on the part of John Mortimer, Esq., M.A. Now, the Governors of Pendlebury School were a kind, fatherly set of old men, who held that it was indispensable that there should be some one at the school who could be (as they said) a mother to the boys; and for all his strength and learning, there was nothing in the slightest degree motherly about Jack Mortimer.

The most vivid imagination could hardly succeed in regarding as a mother a big, black-bearded young man of two-and-thirty, who was a first-rate classic and a first-rate cricketer. The Governors, therefore, officially informed John Mortimer, Esq., M.A., that they had great pleasure in appointing him head-master of Pendlebury School on one condition—viz., that he could undertake to become a married man within twelve months after the date of his election.

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Jack Mortimer was naturally staggered by the condition of his election; but he reflected that, after all, in this overcrowded country of ours, appointments are increasingly hard to find, and wives increasingly easy; so, after due deliberation, he accepted the head-mastership, with a longing, Micawberish hope that something would turn up ere the year of probation was entirely over.

At first he was very happy in his new position. He had a charming house, he liked his work, he was full of ambition as to the reforms he would effect in the school committed to his charge; and for a time he quite forgot the wife difficulty. But the Governors and their better-halves did not forget it; they regarded the vacant post as the prerogative of one of their own unmarried progeny, and they straightway commenced a lively competition as to which of their domestic goddesses should receive the apple which this tutorial Paris was about to award.

This plan of campaign consisted of a round of dinner-parties, whereat Jack in turn took in to dinner the various candidates for his consortship. Sometimes this arrangement amused the head-master; but at others he longed to fall at his hostess' feet, and implore her that for once he might take an ineligible female in to dinner, and partake of his nourishment in peace.

Mortimer's first dinner-party—his début, so to speak—was under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Grover, and, of course, their daughter, Emmeline, fell to his lot as a partner at meat. Jack was a poor hand at talking to girls, even when he was not conscious that they were hunting him down, and he now felt his lips were doubly sealed. But not so Emmeline; she began the bombardment without wasting a moment.

"Oh" (Emmeline's remarks—like the Irish gentry—were never without the prefix Oh)—"Oh, Mr. Mortimer! how fond you must be of all those dear little boys of yours! Do tell me something about them, please, for I am so fond of boys. I just love them."

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Now, Emmeline Grover was a nice-looking girl, with a kind heart and an amiable temper, but she had failed to learn two of the principal rules of the game of dinner conversation: first, that until the entrées have passed from the region of hope to the limbo of memory, and the edge is thereby taken off the gentleman's appetite, the lady should talk to him without even expecting him to listen; and, secondly, that if the gentleman is over forty years of age he likes the lady to agree with him; but if he is under forty he prefers her to differ, as he is still young enough to believe that his arguments will have power to convert her. But these things were as yet hidden from Emmeline, and so, conversationally, she went wrong from the beginning.

"Fond of boys, are you, Miss Grover?" replied Jack perversely. "I wish I were! But, truly, I'm not fond of them."

"Oh, aren't you, Mr. Mortimer—aren't you, really? How very shocking of you!"

Jack spooned up his soup in silence, not feeling called upon to reply; but Emmeline was not to be daunted.

"I read your testimonials with such interest, Mr. Mortimer, and they said what a wonderful man you are with boys, and how you are 'one with them in their games as in their studies.' Those were the exact words. I learned them by heart; they seemed to me so beautiful and so expressive of what is really needed in the proper training of boys."

Jack laughed. "Good gracious, Miss Grover, you don't mean to say you are taken in by testimonials! They are the greatest rubbish in the world; and, of course, the more people want to get rid of a man, the better the testimonials they write for him."

"Oh, Mr. Mortimer, how naughty of you to say a thing like that! Surely, surely, it cannot be true. It would destroy all my faith in human nature if I believed it; and it is so sad to lose one's faith in human nature, don't you think so, Mr. Mortimer?"

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Jack wished that Miss Grover's knowledge of human nature equaled her faith therein; but, as he did not feel called upon to repedestal that young lady's tottering idols, he remained dull and uninteresting for the remainder of the meal; and though Emmeline bravely continued to gush over boys in general, and to treat Jack as if he were an enthusiastic Sunday-school teacher, all of her efforts only succeeded in making him less communicative than usual.

The next aspirant for Jack's vacant half-throne was Sophy Slater, who, of course, fell to his lot at the Slaters' dinner-party. Sophy was one of those useful little women, who seem to be made of horsehair, hard and prickly, but warranted to stand any amount of wear and tear. She talked very sensibly to Jack about the school and everything that appertained to it, and gave him most sound advice on many matters.

"The first thing you ought to do is to build a sanitarium," she remarked.

"Do you think so?"

"Of course I do. How should you manage if an epidemic should break out among the boarders?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered the head-master feebly.

"You will have to build a sanitarium; that is the only thing you can do, and you ought to

"ALLOW ME, MISS MAJENDIE!"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Perplexity of John Mortimer, is taken from Cupid's Garden, a collection of stories written by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, and published by Cassell & Co.

lose no time in setting about it. Be sure you have it at least a hundred and fifty yards away from the other school-buildings, or it will be worse than useless. That is the great disadvantage of a school where boarders and day-scholars are mixed; the day-boys are sure to bring childish and infectious complaints from their various homes, and the boarders are equally sure to assimilate and disseminate these same complaints."

Jack felt as if he were listening to a medical lecture, and ought to be taking copious notes instead of eating and drinking; and he asked humbly:

"How should you advise me to go about it, Miss Slater?"

"I should advise you first to call a meeting of the governing body to discuss the matter; and after they have formulated a scheme, that scheme should be submitted to the Town Council. You will have no difficulty about funds, I imagine, as many of the School Governors and Town Councilors have boys at the school, and so, in their own interests, would be glad to insure immunity from epidemic disease there; for which reason the parents of boarders would subscribe also."

"Yes, yes; of course."

"You will not want a very large sum of money; for you must not go in for anything extravagant or ornamental—just a plain, square, red-brick building, with plenty of windows for ventilating purposes, will do."

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Jack shuddered at the thought of the beautiful school-building, of which he was already so proud, being supplemented by a staring, red-brick sanitarium; but he wisely held his peace.

As he sat smoking in his study late that night, he meditated upon what a helpmeet for a schoolmaster Sophy Slater would prove. Her common-sense and efficiency knew no bounds; but as for making love to her——! Jack remembered two old horsehair sofa-cushions in the nursery at home, which he pretended were a little brother and sister, named respectively Blackie and Week. From his third till his sixth year he loved them with a devoted though unrequited affection, and felt deeply their harsh response to his fond embraces. It now struck him that making love to Sophy Slater would be quite as uphill work as performing the part of a loving brother to Week and Blackie.

Time would fail to tell of all the various fair claimants to Jack Mortimer's hand. Some of the maidens of Pendlebury sought to attract the principal by putting on Minerva and all her wisdom; while others affected for his subjugation an infantine innocence.

Over one damsel—one Julia March—the principal very nearly lost his head, and thereby secured his mastership; but he caught a sidelight one day of the handsome Julia's temper; the light was lurid, and the head-master quickly regained his head.

At another time he felt he really could have fancied pretty Laura Gregson, if only she had not been a performer on the violin; but Jack belonged to that not unnumerous class of men who hate the women who (as he expressed it) "make noises"—that is to say, who are proficient in either vocal or instrumental music.

Nevertheless, though Mortimer was slow to woo, he was quick to work; and the school prospered greatly under his management. Moreover, he followed in his predecessor's footsteps, and gave literature classes to the young ladies of Pendlebury on Wednesday afternoons, which were a great success. Surely teacher never had a more attentive or a more attractive audience!

They listened with breathless interest to every syllable which fell from the lecturer's lips; and they wrote sweet little scented essays, which Jack duly returned to them embellished with corrections in red ink.

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All this was very pleasant to Jack Mortimer until Violet Majendie joined the literature class; then a change came o'er the spirit of his dreams, for a ghastly suspicion dawned upon his mind that this cleverest of his pupils was laughing at him. Jack was by no means destitute of a sense of humor, and the terms of his election had tickled him a good deal at first; but as nobody else in Pendlebury seemed to see anything grotesque in it—and as jokes, like dinners, are all the nicer when they are not at one's own expense—Jack soon ceased to regard his position as being at all unusual or absurd.

But when Miss Majendie came home to Pendlebury after an absence of some months, during which period the new head-master had come, and seen, and conquered the Grammar School, a disquieting idea crept into Jack's head that Violet had a keener sense of humor than an all-wise Providence, as a rule, allots to women, and that this keen sense whetted itself at his august expense. It was not that Miss Majendie was rude to him—she was far too well-mannered for that; but she had raised audacity to the level of a fine art, and could say the most impertinent things in the least impertinent manner. For instance, once, when they were studying Tennyson's Œnone, she asked him before the class, apparently apropos of nothing:

"Whom should you have given the apple to if you had been Paris, Mr. Mortimer?"

Jack, flushing angrily, curtly replied:

"I am here to answer pertinent questions, Miss Majendie, and not those which are the reverse. Don't ask unnecessary questions."

Violet looked so sweetly unconscious of any rudeness, on either her side or his, that he could not feel quite sure if the girl had intended to make fun of him after all, or if her question was merely stupid; but stupidity was not a besetment of Miss Majendie, and Jack could not help wishing that she had been a boy so that he might have given himself the benefit of the doubt, and soundly caned her for her impudence.

But one half-holiday it came to pass that an avenging fate delivered Jack's enemy into his hands. He was walking in Melton Woods (the favorite resort of the inhabitants of Pendlebury), when he came upon Violet Majendie vainly endeavoring to deliver her pet dog from a trap into which the poor brute had unwarily stepped and got fastened.

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"Allow me, Miss Majendie," said the head-master grimly, raising his hat, but not attempting to shake hands; and after a great deal of trouble he succeeded in releasing the prisoner, and drawing upon himself a shower of grateful speeches from the prisoner's mistress. But Jack was not to be beguiled out of his ill-humor so easily, as he was still smarting under a remark of Miss Majendie which had been repeated to him by the never-failing "kind friend" whose duty and delight it is to repeat such unflattering comments. So, in reply to the charming Violet's profuse thanks, he merely said stiffly:

"You are unnecessarily grateful for so slight a service, Miss Majendie. I could not let a dog remain helpless in a trap, whoever it belonged to, so I have in no wise earned your special gratitude. But, in return, perhaps you would not mind answering a straightforward question: Did you, or did you not, say that no one but a buffoon would accept an appointment as head of the school on the terms that I have done?"

Violet looked up at the offended head-master with an ingenuous smile.

"I don't remember saying so, Mr. Mortimer, but I have always thought it."

Jack grew pale with anger and mortification, and wished more devoutly than ever that this impertinent girl had been a boy, so that he might have meted out to her the measure which she so richly deserved.

"Thank you," he said shortly.

Violet, however, was not going to let so entertaining a subject drop so suddenly.

"But, Mr. Mortimer," she suggested in a coaxing voice, "surely you also can see how killingly funny it is. It is very sad for you to be minus a wife, but it would be far worse if you were minus a sense of humor. I surely thought you had done it for a joke."

Jack felt slightly mollified, for it is distinctly more comfortable to be treated as a spectator of a farce than as a performer.

"But," continued Violet, bubbling over with laughter, "you don't go about the thing in the right way. You ought first to set up an age disqualification, and say that no one over five-and-twenty need apply. That would double the number of candidates."

"You are very hard on your own sex."

"Not at all; but I know their little ways. I want our Vicar to announce that he is going to preach a sermon to women under five-and-twenty only. The church would be simply crowded, and the offertory, consequently, enormous, as there isn't a woman within a radius of twenty miles who wouldn't make a point of attending that special service."

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"I am glad to learn that you favor the church as well as the world with the benefit of your candid advice, Miss Majendie."

"Oh! I am not at all stingy with it. Another suggestion I wish to make is that you should insist on all your candidates sending in written applications, supported by testimonials. I don't mind saying I'd write an excellent testimonial for Sophy Slater."

"Miss Slater is a most admirable young woman," said Jack stiffly, feeling the jibe.

"Of course she is. Do you think she would get a testimonial from me if she wasn't? Then, again, Emmeline Grover is a treasure. You couldn't go far wrong with either Sophy or Emmeline."

"Indeed! These young ladies are fortunate in having secured your good opinion," remarked Mortimer satirically.

But it was beyond the power of scholastic sarcasm to abash Violet, so she continued:

"If Emmeline has a fault, she is almost too adaptive. I remember once, when she wanted to make herself specially agreeable to Colonel Delaware, a great racing man, she told him that she 'adored jockeys, they were always such big, fine men.' I suppose she mixed them up in her own mind with guardsmen; but you should just have seen the Colonel's face of utter bewilderment!"

"I do not think it is very kind of you to laugh at people behind their backs," said Jack, in his most head-masterly manner.

"Still, they don't seem to care for it much when I do it before their faces, do they?" replied Violet, looking up at him with the innocent look of a puzzled child.

Jack grew rather red; but, having no answer ready, took refuge in silence.

"Look here, I really don't want to be too hard on you," continued his tormentor magnanimously, "but it really is awfully funny, you know! I can imagine your writing to the fathers of Pendlebury as one writes for the character of a kitchen-maid, and inquiring if their respective daughters are steady, sober, honest, clean and obliging."

"You are very rude!" cried Jack angrily. And then he marched home in a ferment of righteous indignation, feeling that he did well to be angry with such an insolent girl.

After this, what with meeting him at dinner and garden parties, and "sitting under" him at lectures, Violet Majendie saw a great deal of the new principal, and the two became quite intimate enemies. She never grew weary of teasing him and putting him in a bad temper; and this custom of hers interfered with Jack's peace of mind more than a little. He continually writhed under her politely veiled ridicule, and felt it grow increasingly distasteful to him to select a wife from among the maidens submitted to his inspection. And, alas! his year of probation was fast drawing to a close.

"Of course you'll take no notice of that ridiculous stipulation of the Governors," remarked Violet airily one day at a garden-party. "I should treat the whole thing as a huge joke if I were you."

"But I cannot treat it as a joke. I am bound in honor either to comply with the condition under which I accepted the appointment, or else to resign it."

"Bother honor! There is no one more stupid and tiresome than a man of honor. He is selfishly oblivious of everything and everybody else, and generally ends in sacrificing himself and all his friends on the altar of this most unsatisfactory Moloch. But if you cling to this effete tradition, why not make up your mind to marry Sophy Slater, and be happy as well as honorable?"

"How dare you say such things to me?"

"I could not love Sophy Slater so much, loved I not honor more," misquoted Violet; whereat Jack turned on his heel and walked across the lawn in high dudgeon.

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Not long afterward it happened that Jack Mortimer again met Violet in Melton Woods.

"I have something to tell you, Miss Majendie," he said after the ordinary greetings. "I have resigned my appointment as principal, and have arranged to leave Pendlebury at the end of next term."

"What on earth induced you to do such an idiotic thing?" cried Violet in amazement.

"You, partly, and partly my own common-sense. After you had once pointed out to me what a ridiculous figure I cut, I realized the force of your observations, and decided that I could not go on making a fool of myself any longer. So, you see, you were unjust when you said I had no sense of humor."

"I certainly made a joke at your expense, but I didn't mean it to be at the expense of your whole income, my dear sir. You are carrying my joke too far, believe me. I never supposed that you would take it seriously. Besides, what on earth can it matter to you whether I laugh at you or not?"

"It matters so much that I would rather throw up my means of livelihood than submit to it any longer."

For a moment Violet was silent; then, looking up with a very penitent face, she said with a bewitching softness:

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"I am so awfully sorry. It was a shame of me to go on like that; but I never thought you really minded."

"Well, I did mind, you see; moreover, you were right, and your remarks—though hardly pleasant hearing—were salutary. But there is just one thing that I must say in my own defense. When I consented to that most undignified stipulation, I knew nothing at all about the sacredness of love; and I thought that, if I must have a wife, one woman would do as well as another. So I really was more ignorant than base after all."

"How did you discover what you call 'the sacredness of love'?" inquired Violet with much interest.

"I shall not tell you."

"You needn't, because I know. I discovered it myself about the same time. We are like the two astronomers—I forget their names—who discovered the planet Neptune at the same moment from opposite sides of the globe."

"But we were not at opposite sides of the globe, you see; otherwise this mutual discovery might not have occurred," said Jack very tenderly—too tenderly, in fact, for a principal toward a pupil whom he had once longed to punish.

After a hiatus in the conversation, which it is unnecessary to describe, Violet remarked:

"So you needn't throw up your appointment after all, you silly boy."

"By Jove, I never thought of that! I suppose I needn't. But you won't be at all a suitable wife for a principal, Violet."

"Of course not. Nobody but a fool would marry a 'suitable' wife, and even he couldn't love her; besides, the word 'suitability' was not in the bond, so any sort of wife will fulfill the requirements of the governing body. Even a child—or a man of honor—would have the capacity to see the sense of that."

And Jack saw it as plainly as she did.

THE PIECE OF CARBON PAPER

How the Mystery of a Night was Solved

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

*In Two Parts: Part II

DAY after day went by, and week after week, but the speeding time brought no solution of the mystery. I advertised in all the newspapers, beseeching for an explanation, but none came. My patients began to fall away. Acquaintances passed me in the streets with averted looks. A curse had fallen upon me.

At last I found an opportunity for a question. An old comrade of mine, more than an acquaintance—Emile Dupré—with whom I had studied at the Hôtel Dieu for three years, cut me pointblank in Regent Street. His eyes had met mine, and I knew, of course, that he recognized me. I had already put out my hand toward him, when he screwed on a frozen stare and went by me. For a second or two I was as helpless as if I had received a mortal stab; but I recovered swiftly, and made after him, and took him by the shoulder not overgently.

"Dupré, a word with you. You recognized me when you passed just now?"

"I recognized you," he answered.

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"Will you kindly explain to me why you passed me by?"

"I passed you by," he said, with a freezing self-possession, "because I learn on excellent authority that you are not a person with whom a gentleman can associate."

"Will you favor me," I asked as quietly as I could, "with your excellent authority?"

"No," he responded, and made a movement to continue his walk.

"Pardon me, Dupré," I said, passing my arm through his. "I shall insist upon my right, and I shall give you yours. It is your right, in the first place, to have my solemn assurance that I have no knowledge of any circumstance in my life which could justify your treatment of me, and it is my right to demand an explanation."

He turned and looked me in the face.

"For Heaven's sake, Dupré," I broke out, "act like a man of honor and a friend! I swear to you, by all I hold most sacred, that I have never been guilty of an act which denies me the right to hold up my head among men of honor, and yet my oldest and dearest friend runs away and hides from me; the lady to whom I was to have been married returns my letters unopened; acquaintances cross the street as I draw near, as if I had the plague. You are the first man I have a right to question, and I will have an answer."

"Come," said Dupré—the people were gathering about us with curious eyes—"this is no place for such a talk as this."

He waved his disengaged hand, and a hansom cab drew up at the curb. I gave the driver my address, and in a very few minutes we were at home.

Dupré laid his hat and stick upon the table, and gravely drew off his gloves.

"Tell me," I said, "what is this hidden scandal which has broken my heart, and is driving me to ruin? Tell me, I say!"

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"Innocent or guilty," he returned, "it is not agreeable for me to speak, or you to listen; but, as you say, you have your rights and I have mine; both should be respected."

"Go on," I said. "Let me know what I have to fight against."

"To begin with," said Dupré, looking me in the face with an eye which seemed full of a fatal purpose, "you know——"—he hesitated, and, looking downward, strained at the glove he held in both hands—"you know that Professor Zeck is dead?"

His eye shot upward to meet mine, as if he had laid a trap, and was awaiting my fall.

*This story is taken from Tales in Prose and Verse, by David Christie Murray. Published by Chatto & Windus, London.

"Dead!" I cried—"dead!"

"Dead," he answered like an echo. "He died of a broken heart—literally and simply of a broken heart—in Paris. We buried him the day before yesterday. He told me that you had killed him as surely as if you had shot, or stabbed, or poisoned him."

For anything I can tell, my agony and amazement may have looked like guilt. I shook and stammered.

"I killed him? I loved him as I loved no other man alive!"

"It is not my business," said Dupré, "to even attempt to measure your capacity for the common human affections."

"In God's name, what had I done?" I cried appealingly.

"I can hardly bring myself to tell the story," Dupré answered, "for, to say the truth, I am quite open to a feeling of vicarious shame; but you shall have it."

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I stammered that I knew nothing, and besought him to go on. I could see that he disbelieved me; and I knew even then in the midst of all my desolation and my agony of mind that he looked at me as at an actor who was trying to make the expression of one emotion pass for that of another.

"Three months have gone by since Professor Zeck hurriedly withdrew himself from his adopted land," Dupré began. "As I understood him, you had only a day before—or a day or so before—offered yourself as a suitor for the hand of his granddaughter."

"Yes, yes," I answered.

"He accepted your proposal, and a little later the lady confirmed his acceptance."

"Yes, yes."

"A little later he showed you his granddaughter's dowry, a sum of a hundred thousand francs or so, which he kept in an unlocked cash-box in an open safe in the lady's bedroom. Am I right so far?"

"Absolutely—but hasten and tell the rest."

"A snowstorm of unusual severity induced him to offer you the hospitality of his house. You stayed the night there. Some time in the night the safe was opened, the box was abstracted, and—— Shall I go on?"

"Go on. Go on quickly."

"The thief was recognized."

"Well?"

"Recognized by the miserable girl who had plighted her faith to him for life."

"A lie!" I cried—"a wicked, base, malignant lie!"

"That is your answer," said Dupré, with a face as hard as iron. "Your *fiancée* is a wicked, base, malignant liar? And your old friend, who, awakened by a cry of horror, came from his room in time to see you stealing down the stair—is he also a base, wicked, malignant liar?"

"Is it Kathryn," I exclaimed, "who makes this hideous charge against me? Impossible! I won't believe that she did it."

"She and her grandfather both knew you—both saw you plainly. You have my answer to your questions now, and I see no use in staying longer."

"One minute, Dupré," I begged him. "You know where she is, you say?"

"I know," he answered, "but I shall not tell you. I surprised your story at a time when Professor Zeck was so broken with mental anguish that he betrayed himself. He made me promise solemnly that I would never breathe a word of it to a soul. I made that promise, and I do not reckon that I have broken it in answering your questions."

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He would have gone then, but that I stood between him and the door. I have no power to recall the words I used, but I protested my innocence. I begged him to consider the chance of error, to remember the mad impossibility of the charge. How could a man of honor be suddenly transformed into a thief so base? What motive was there in robbing Kathryn, of all people in the world? I had been prosperous, unencumbered, without a care. Why should I have stolen what I was told would one day be my own? The very violence of my suffering—the passion of my revolt against this intolerable, mad suspicion—may have had a sinister influence. He listened, since without force he could not escape from listening, but it was with a look divided between weariness and loathing. At last I flung the door open and released him. I heard the hall door close behind him, and then something seemed to snap within my head, my senses left me, and I fell.

I learned afterward that I was found and carried upstairs; that medical aid was called in, and that I was ill for months with brain fever. When youth and constitution asserted themselves, I was sent to the seaside. A whole half-year elapsed before I was able to go back to my work. Then everything that had been done in the past five years was to do over again. My practice had gone utterly to pieces; nobody wanted my services.

I bought a small practice in the country, and my story followed me. The cook and the housemaid had talked, as was only natural. I dragged along in bitter hatred of the world, and in bitter exasperation at it, and at last I settled down as an apothecary's assistant. I lived that life seven years, and then—at last—came the end of care.

It was my eight-and-thirtieth birthday, June 6, and I was crossing the fields outside the old cathedral city. I had been to see an outlying patient of my employer—a bedridden old woman, of as little importance in the world as myself, and I was now returning. The sun was high, and I had walked swiftly. I was glad to sit down in the shade of a broad elm, near an old-fashioned stile, for rest and coolness.

The city was so sleepy that no railway came within two miles of it, but as I sat, I heard the puffing and screaming of a distant train. It stopped at the country station, and went on again, sounding fainter and fainter, until it left the wide fields altogether silent. I must have fallen into a day-dream, and have allowed time to speed by me without counting, for it was the footstep of a passenger from that train which startled me, as it seemed, a mere minute after the noise of the engine had died away. A man vaulted the stile, and seeing me there, paused to assure himself of the way. A foreign accent struck my ear with a sense of odd familiarity. I looked up, and recognized Dupré.

"Alwayne!" he said. Before I could reply, he had seized my hand, and held it strongly in both his own. "My poor, dear Alwayne!—my poor, poor, dear, dear fellow. I have been hunting you for half a year."

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I drew my hand from his grasp.

"This is not the greeting you gave me the right to expect from you," I said.

"Ah, no," he answered. "But you are proved to be innocent. And how shall I speak to you? How shall I ask your pardon?"

"As for that," I told him, "you may spare yourself the trouble. My innocence never should have needed proof to a man who knew me as well as you did. I vow to Heaven that I would have taken the word of no man in the world against you in such a case. There are men in the world who are not born to such baseness as I stood accused of, and I am one of them."

"Alwayne," he said—"Alwayne, listen to reason. The missing money has been found. And where do you think? In the safe in the room in which you slept that night!"

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"What of that?" I asked savagely.

"What of that! It is as clear as day. You had seen the safe in the upper room; you had observed to the dear old Professor that the money was not secure there because the safe had no lock; you had noticed that the other safe in the room below closed with a snap; you went to sleep, dreamed of danger, got up in your sleep, took away the money for safety, locked it up, and had forgotten all about it in the morning."

"Rubbish!" I answered hotly. "I never walked in my sleep in my life, I tell you."

"But the Professor saw you, too. How should they both be mistaken? You carried a lighted candle, which you left upon the floor of the landing outside the room. You were seen clearly."

"It was not I," I persisted angrily.

"Well," said Dupré, "I have proof positive, and I will convince you. But I am going to the Green Dragon Hotel here, and if you are well enough to walk, I will tell you something which may interest you."

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"I am well enough," I answered brusquely. Seven or eight years ago I had been prosperous and honored. Now, what was I? A human hack, blasted in repute, shattered, ruined, disgraced. I can forgive myself for my disdain and bitterness.

"Well," he said, accommodating his steps to mine, which were not so elastic as they had been half an hour before, "I shall tell you how the money came to be found."

"My good sir," I responded, "I have not the slightest interest in the matter."

"Ah, but you will have, by-and-by," he said. "The old house was being pulled down, and a contractor had bought the material. When the safe was turned over, the cash-box within it rattled, and the safe being unlocked, the money was found. The contractor was an honest fellow, and was well paid for his honesty, you may be sure. But more than the money was found."

Here, again, he spoke with so marked an emphasis, that, though I would willingly have said good-by to him and the whole question, I felt constrained to speak to him.

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"What else was found?" I asked.

"That proof positive I spoke of," he responded, and I lapsed into silence. "You shall see it for yourself," he went on, "when we come to the hotel. But in the meantime, I have something else to tell you. I am not here alone. I chose to walk across the fields, because I wanted to arrange in my own mind how I should tell you everything when we met. My companions have been driven by the main road to the hotel, and though they have a mile farther to travel, they will be there before us. I am married, Alwayne, since we last met, and my wife is with me."

I said nothing, and had, indeed, nothing to say. I had been indifferent to everything for years. Why should his affairs interest me?

"I have another companion on my journey, Alwayne; the saddest, gentlest, and most suffering creature under the blue sky. You have suffered—suffered horribly, degradingly, undeservedly. But, Alwayne, she has suffered, too. You must not look to find her what she was when you last saw her."

The nerves of feeling were wide awake upon a sudden. I felt my heart beat, and the color alter on my cheek. I made no pretense of not understanding him now.

my history, to see that stale and foolish fallacy held up for comfort. The man unjustly hated and despised has in his breast a wound that never rankled in a rogue's.

"You will see her, Alwayne?"

"No!" I answered, the more vehemently that all my heart went out to her.

"Come," he said, linking his arm in mine. "You do not yet believe that you were really seen. Now, if I prove that to your own satisfaction—if I force you to believe against yourself, that no hand but your own removed that cash-box, will you change your mind?"

"There is no evidence in the world which would make me credit it."

"Wait till I show you my evidence," said Dupré. "If convinced, will you meet her?"

"If I am convinced," I answered, "yes."

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From that moment we walked on in silence, and I guided him to the old-fashioned hotel. He gave his name there, and a waiter led him at once to a private sitting-room. There he left me for a mere instant, returning with a despatch-box in his hand. He set this upon the table in the centre of the apartment, and opened it, revealing a black and a white pad.

"Before Miss Gordon went to rest on that memorable night," he said, "she wrote a letter to you—a happy, girlish letter. I have it here"—tapping his breast—"and I will show it to you in a moment. But first, will you lay the finger-tips of your right hand on this blackened pad? So. A gentle pressure. Now transfer them to the white sheet. So. Now take this monocle and examine that impression and compare it with this."

He took a sheet of paper from his breast-pocket, and handed it to me. I read the words, "Always, always, always, your own Kathryn," and below the signature I saw the clearly defined marks of four finger-tips. In a lightning flash, the memory of those blackened sheets of paper the Professor had been using for the skeleton leaves came back to me, and I set the marks made so long ago side by side with those so newly made. They were identical, a sign-manual no hand could forge. Each finger had its own delicate spiral pattern, and no other hand than mine in all the world could have left these two particular impressions.

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"That little note," said Dupré, tapping it as I held it in a shaking hand, "was laid away in the cash-box until the morning. That was the something more which was found in the safe when it was opened. There was a sheet of newly prepared carbon paper on the table in Miss Gordon's room. You were seen to unconsciously lay your hand upon it for a moment, as if to steady yourself."

I sat down, feigning to compare the marks still further, but I saw nothing.

"ALWAYNE" HE SAID—"ALWAYNE LISTEN TO REASON"

ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

"How do you know that?" he retorted. "You know only, at the most, that you have never been told so. Come, my dear Alwayne, the facts are proven. There is no question of your intent. There is no doubt as to how the thing happened. And Miss Gordon, let me tell you, is more heartbroken since the money was found and returned to her than even when the terrible truth seemed first to have been forced upon her. She saw you, you remember."

"What she saw," I answered wearily, but with unshaken certainty—"what she saw, I cannot tell, but me she surely did not see."

"You have done no charity to either of us in bringing Miss Gordon here," I said. "It was her want of faith in me which has ruined my life and blasted my hopes. It is through her that an innocent man has walked the world in shame."

"She has suffered, Alwayne!"

"And I have suffered!"

"But you have had the consolation of your own honor all along."

"A consolation, truly!" I answered. And, indeed, it has maddened me a thousand times, as it would madden any man who had

"They are alike," I said at last, but Dupré had gone without my noticing.

I heard the rustle of a woman's dress, and turned. Kathryn stood there—how altered—how pale and troubled! She held her hands appealingly to me, and called me by my name, her voice trembling.

"What can I say?" she asked me. "I broke your heart to break my own."

The tears in her beautiful eyes brimmed over, and I drew her closely to my heart.

(THE END)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, July 23, 1898

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Imitation Virtues of Every-day Life

NATURE has a most clever scheme for protecting animals from their enemies. It is a marvelous and elaborate system of pretense, of masquerade and of deception.

In a general way, Nature colors Arctic animals white so they will be rendered less prominent to their enemies in their environment of snow; the lion, the camel and the desert antelopes have the tawny color of the sand and rocks among which they live; tropical birds are usually green or bright-colored, as the flowers of the forest wherein they fly in safety. Nature makes molluscs floating in the water resemble seaweed on the upper side, so that the birds are cheated of their prey, and white on the lower side so that the fishes looking up imagine they see only clouds. Insects in Ceylon resemble green leaves so closely that travelers almost touching them are deceived; some have the appearance of dead leaves—others are perfect imitations of dried twigs or sticks. Animals that are perfectly harmless imitate the manners, the cries, the motions and the habits of those that are powerful, so as to protect themselves by a display of simulated strength and ferocity. In a million instances Nature in her whole kingdom works out her "protective coloration" on her plan of "mimicry" or imitation.

Now Nature probably felt it necessary to protect man from himself and from society, so she extended her system of "mimicry" to morals. Whether the insects are themselves deceived by their own masquerade no insect has yet confessed, but in mimicry in morals man not only deceives others, but even more often he deceives himself. Every virtue or good quality in the human race has a weakness, a perversion, or a bad quality that precisely imitates it. This "fault" assumes all the appearance, and manners, and dignity of the virtue, and usually carries the imitation so well as to deceive others for a short time and the individual himself for a longer period. Now, the number of these simulated virtues are legion, and the instances are as the sands on the seashore.

There is "frankness," for instance. This is a commendable quality, but it has an imitation called "brutal candor," which copies the semblance of the virtue very correctly. The owner of this latter quality always precedes his most impertinent, insulting remarks with a suave smile and that warning preface: "I am naturally frank and outspoken, so you understand me when I say——" Then follows his verbal grape-shot. Now, true frankness is always filtered through kindness and consideration for others. This "brutal candor" is pure, unadulterated egotism.

Tact of the right kind is a social virtue. It is the instinctive action of a fine mind directed by a fine heart, in a moment of emergency. It has an imitation that is cool, calculating, selfish, truckling, pretending and scheming. The imitation has always the appearance of a deep interest in you and your welfare—never the reality. It is always seeking to get the benefit and advantage of the kindly feeling it generates so artificially.

Then there is the liberality in religious views of the man who carries it so far that he becomes bigoted in his liberality, and has neither tolerance nor patience with the man who isn't as liberal as himself. He resembles the schoolboy's view of the Puritans, who, as he said, "came to this country to worship in their own way and to make other people do the same."

There are thousands of our brave soldiers who faced the Spaniards because they were patriots—because the country and the flag they loved called them to fight. But there is a vast amount of "imitation patriotism" wearing uniforms. There is a "patriotism" that when tested in the crucible of honest introspection will be found to be "vanity," "the hunger for adventure," "a desire for change" or any one of the dozen other "imitations."

"Contrition" is sorrow for sin. The theologians have a word which they call "attrition." Attrition means "sorrow for the results of sin." There is a large quantity of enthusiastic "attrition" in this world that is trying very hard to palm itself off as "contrition." It is a poor understudy. It is but another instance of "protective mimicry" in morals.

Men often think they have no vanity because they are careless of their dress; it may be a vanity of assumption as if they, personally, were far above the need of such adornment. They are skating on the thin ice of a vanity that isn't even honest.

The infinite instances that might be given prove only that the individual who really desires truth and realness in his life should occasionally take a quiet half hour with himself, make an inventory of his characteristics, and rid himself of his "imitations." Let him leave "protective mimicry" to the lion, the giraffe, the mollusc, the insect and the others in Nature's charge who can't take care of themselves, and let him feel that, whatever he may be, he will be genuine, honest and sincere—that he will not deceive others nor himself with the mere "imitation" virtues.

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What America Will Do in the Far East

HISTORY has never been able to record a war which has resulted as it was originally planned. Provokingly unforeseen exigencies always arise which materially affect results. When the present war was entered upon, it was confidently asserted by those who knew nothing about it, and by those who did, that it could not last a month.

It has lasted a month—and several more. Like a serial story it is still "to be continued." Each day unforeseen problems arise and demand solution. Each day the god of battle gives a new turn to the kaleidoscope of international politics.

At the beginning of the present year, we had little interest in the Eastern Question, which was driving the Powers of Europe at each other's throats. Doubt had lead to distrust, distrust was fast developing into open hatred. We were convinced that the Far East would bring Europe to a general war, and we calmly looked on as an entirely disinterested spectator. We had assumed the Chinese policy of absolute exclusiveness; but, unlike the Chinese, when the stern logic of events demanded action we did not withdraw within our Great Wall.

When the President commanded Dewey to sink Spain's squadron in the Philippines in that moment we stepped into the centre of the Eastern stage. From a mere spectator, we became the principal factor, the leading actor in the great drama of National expansion. Up to that time no one had considered the United States as at all interested in China. We had not entered into the calculations of the grasping diplomatic Shylocks who had already apportioned the entire Asiatic Continent into little spheres of influence, appropriating the apple for themselves, throwing the core to their hungry neighbors.

To-day the Powers of Europe are eagerly watching us, and holding off, lest some unguarded act on their part may start the conflagration. England, seeing the trend of events, hastens to profess the utmost friendliness to us; Germany prates of purchasing from Spain a possession which she has lost; Russia assumes an aggrieved air that we should ever have doubted her good-will toward us. Is the fox complimenting the crow on its beautiful voice, in the hope of securing the coveted cheese? The Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba, have cost us much in money and lives, and they will not be given up for a song. America has learned many lessons in this war. She has learned her own strength; she has come face to face with her responsibilities as a world Power. She has roused herself from passivity to activity, and henceforth in any solution of the Eastern Question the United States must be reckoned with.

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The Sailors Who Forgot to Be Men

SOMETIMES, when the passengers are laughing and chatting across the tables in the saloon of a great ocean liner, that faint jarring, which for days has been as steady and as unnoticed as their heart-beats, stops suddenly. The keel of the ship no longer trembles to the whirling of the steel shaft. The stillness spreads from engine-room to saloon. The sentence half-spoken is unfinished; the laughter is hushed. All are silent, listening. But they hear nothing, save only the swash and drip of the sea from the thin steel walls that shut them in, and the quick steps on the deck above. Half-frightened, half-ashamed, men turn to stewards, to any one who may know, and ply them with eager questions. It is nothing—an over-heated bearing—and again the monotonous throbbing of the engines reassures them. But in that silent second each man on board has found that fear, unknown, unseen until that moment when it leaped from hiding and asserted its captaincy, has been his constant companion on the sea.

This fear that comes at sea is near akin to that which superstition breeds—a blind, unreasoning terror, a dread of some unknown thing that may attack at any minute and in any shape. To meet it coolly, resolutely, to master it, takes courage of the highest order. To be brave in battle, when the blood is quick and hot; when a thousand throats cheer the wild charge along; when glory shrouds the slain—that is not hard. But braver than the hero of the battle is the man who, when the blood is cold and sluggish, faces formless danger or commonplace death. Bravery in battle is peculiar to no one people, but this courage of the commonplace, in its highest and best development, is found oftenest in the Anglo-Saxon. In time of danger he holds the brute instinct of self-preservation-at-any-cost in tighter leash.

Recent events have seemed to show that some of the politer peoples of Continental Europe are more or less lacking in this higher courage. When a British ship, slipping through the gray fog in the early morning, crashed into La Bourgogne, one woman was saved. That tells the whole horrible story of a fear-frenzied crew and cowardly steerage curs, stabbing those who opposed them, crowding and capsizing the boats, and throwing struggling women and children, who had secured places in them, to the sharks. Nor have we yet forgotten the stories that followed the loss of a German liner in the North Sea and the fire in Paris.

When an English or American ship goes down, women and children are among the saved. We read without surprise that its officers kept command to the last, that the crew obeyed their orders, and that both sacrificed their chances of escape to the helpless ones under their charge, where it was necessary. There have been exceptions, but this has been the rule. The splendid conduct of the officers and men of the Delaware, which caught fire and burned at sea a few days ago, was a notable example of the way in which our sailors act in time of danger. Every man knew his place and his duty. The women and children first, the men next, and the captain last, all left the ship in safety. There was no crowding, no confusion. Of a truth, the record of our merchant sailors in time of danger is as heroic and glorious as that of their fellows of the Navy.

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The Nation's Support of its Leaders

A LEADER is that man who has best prepared himself for opportunity. His hour may never strike, but, if it should, he is ready. Every forward movement in the world's history has brought to the front the man of patient preparation, and he has paced off the ground for the advance.

But more than individual fitness and opportunity is required to make a leader effective. Behind the man must be the mass—a united people, willing to follow, and, at the same time, impelling him forward, as, in a flying wedge of foot-ball players, each one impels the man at its apex toward the goal. Napoleon was unconquerable while the whole French people were behind him; Lincoln's splendid qualities were useful to his country only because the people of the Northern States were at his back.

So, in this present war, we are developing worthy and effective leaders, the men of preparation, who, at Manila and Santiago, have found their opportunity. But this is solely because the American people as a unit have been ready and have done their part. Spain has not lacked men of mind, of executive ability, of splendid courage—men eminently fitted for successful leadership. As individuals, they may have been prepared; but as a nation, Spain has not been.

ROMANCE OF A LOST PAINTING

Vespucci's Picture Found After Three Centuries

By JOHN J. O'SHEA

IT IS a curious coincidence that in the very year that the citizens of Florence are celebrating the four hundredth Anniversary of Amerigo Vespucci's discoveries, a splendid portrait of the explorer himself, a portrait lost to the world for three hundred years, should be brought to light. The finding of the picture was almost miraculous. Only a tradition that such a picture had once existed survived in the city. But though the picture survived the tradition, it was not clever enough to elude its ingenious searchers.

It was painted nearly four centuries and a half ago. It is not to be wondered at that a mere picture should have been forgotten amid the stirring and troublous scenes in and about Florence, amid the distractions of domestic strife, and the changes and terrors of foreign invasion with which that beautiful capital was harassed during all these years. Moreover, this painting is only a fresco, and frescos are usually hard to keep.

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The fact that this one was painted by so renowned a master as Domenico Gherlandaio promised nothing for the chances of good treatment during the lapse of ages. Da Vinci's masterpiece, The Last Supper, has not fared well in the old monastery which it adorns. The pre-Raphaelite Italian painters do not appear to have been so highly prized by contemporary connoisseurs as by those of our own days. It is as true of painters as of prophets, that they are not without honor save in their own land. So Gherlandaio and his work, the Vespucci family, and everything connected with the race, had found their way to the tomb of all the Capulets in the gay city by the Arno a hundred years or so after the work was executed.

But it was known that, before the French entered Milan, the silver pillars in the glorious cathedral there were painted to resemble stone, and, pondering over this fact, perhaps, and the frequent discovery of priceless ancient manuscripts under more modern palimpsests, the good Father Razzoli, of the Church of the Ognissanti, was stirred to an enterprise of research. Patient delving amongst the dusty archives in the library of the church might be rewarded by the discovery of that famous painting which tradition said had existed hundreds of years ago; to him might come the honor of turning tradition into fact, of finding the painting itself, notwithstanding its long entombment.

Poring over the great dust-covered tomes, he searched for some record or memorandum which might throw even a faint ray of light on his almost hopeless task. Finally, on the first of February last, he informed Signor Carocci, the Inspector of Monuments in Florence, that he had found records of old frescos being hidden away behind certain framed pictures on the walls of the church.

The news proved almost too good to be true. Men were immediately set to work to remove those large and dust-laden canvasses, and hidden behind Rosselli's painting of Saint Elizabeth, was found the masterpiece.

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How, why, or when the painting came to be thus smuggled out of sight will probably never be known. We are free to surmise that to some self-opinionated connoisseur of a later age this work of a great master appeared not to be "up-to-date," inartistic and stiff.

The work of Angelico or Giotto would probably have shared the same fate had it been found there and then by such a critic. But, as a result of this hiding of the fresco, we are now able to look upon it in much better condition than would have been the case had the fresco been exposed all these years to the ravages of time.

This pre-Raphaelite treasure is one of immense value to art. It is a composition of six separate paintings, the most precious of which, from a practical point of view, is the portrait of the explorer, Amerigo Vespucci. Its reproduction here gives a vivid idea of the man, even though it be only an engraving. The face of this boy of twenty is full of fire, and intellect, and noble courage.

VESPUCCI

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The other sections of the composition depict the Virgin Mary surrounded by the Vespucci family, the taking down of Christ from the Cross, and portrait groupings of the Vespucci family. Notwithstanding the stiffness in detail of the painting, all the spiritual beauty of this early Italian school of art is strikingly revealed in the faces and pose of the figures, while the arrangement of each composition displays unusual freedom and technical skill.

Of the status and wealth of the Vespucci family, in that city of magnificos, we may judge from the fact that they had given two chapels and an altar to the Church of the Ognissanti, and that an artist of such eminence as Gherlandaio was employed to decorate the gift. It was not known which of these chapels contained the lost fresco.

THE THREE MOST HEROIC DEEDS IN AMERICAN NAVAL HISTORY

II

STEPHEN DECATUR'S BRAVERY AT TRIPOLI

Stephen Decatur

By GEORGE GIBBS

WITH DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

IT WAS on the deck of the Enterprise, before Tripoli, in 1804. The crew had been called aft, and Decatur, smiling, stood on his quarter-deck.

"My men," said he, "the Philadelphia is in the hands of the enemy. A few days from now, and we may see American guns turned against American sailors. The Commodore has given us permission to sail in and blow her up. Will you go?"

Into the air flew a hundred caps, and three wild, American cheers were the answer.

"I can't take you all," he explained; "the expedition is a dangerous one. We are going under the broadsides of the enemy, and I only want those of you who are ready. Now, lads, any of you who are willing to go, take one step aft."

Without a second's pause the crew of the Enterprise, to a man, stepped out; then, fearful lest others should get in the front rank, came toward the young Commander in a body, elbowing and swearing at one another lustily.

Decatur smiled. With such a spirit there was nothing he might not accomplish. He picked out sixty-two of his youngest and steadiest men, each of them touching his tarry cap with a grateful "Thank'ee, sir," as Decatur called his name.

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That afternoon they tumbled joyfully down into a captured ketch, which had been named the Intrepid, and, stores aboard, hoisted their three-cornered sail for the harbor of Tripoli. As they hauled off Decatur went below to see that all his supplies and combustibles were stored, when Midshipman Lawrence came toward him somewhere from the depths of the fore hold, pushing along by the scruff of the neck a youngster who was crying bitterly.

"I found this stowaway, sir," said Lawrence with a smile.

"Please, sir," sobbed the boy, "Don't send me back. I want to see this 'ere fight, and I ain't going to do no harm. Don't send me back, sir."

Decatur had looked up with a fierce frown, but the anxiety on the lad's face was pathetic, and he smiled in spite of himself.

"You can go," he laughed, "but I'll put you in the brig—when we get back."

On that six-days' voyage to Tripoli the wind blew a hurricane, and the masquerade of the American tars seemed likely to end in disaster, without even a fight for their pains. But as they sighted the coast the sea went down, and the arrangements were completed. The yellow sails of the Siren, their consort, hove again into sight, and by the afternoon of the 16th of February the two vessels were bearing down upon the dark line that lay shimmering purple under the haze of the southern sky.

The sun dropped down, a ball of fire, into the western sea, and by eight o'clock the towers of the Bashaw's castle loomed dark against the amber of the moonlit sky. To the left the stately spars of the doomed frigate towered above the rigging in the harbor, and floating at her truck was the hated insignia of the enemy.

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The piping northern breeze bellied the crazy sail of the ketch, and sent the green seas swashing under the high stern, speeding them good luck on their hazardous venture. Catalano, the pilot, stood at the helm, swinging the clumsy tiller to meet her as she swayed. By his side was a tall figure, a white burnoose about his shoulders, and a fez set jauntily on his head—Decatur. Four others, in unspeakable Tripolitan costumes, lounged about the deck, or squatted cross-legged. But the delusion went no further. For one of them, Reuben James, was puffing at a stubby black pipe, and another spat vigorously to leeward. The others were below, lying along the sides, sharpening their cutlasses.

On they sped, Catalano heading her straight for the frigate. As the harbor narrowed and the black forts came nearer, they could see the dusky outlines of the sentries and the black muzzles that frowned on them from the battlements. Over toward the east, faint glimmers showed where the town was, but the wind had now fallen low, and the lapping of the water along the sides alone awoke the silence. A single light shone from the forecastle of the frigate, where the anchor watch kept its quiet vigil. She swung at a long cable, a proud prisoner amid the score of watchful sentinels that encircled her.

As placid as the scene about him, Decatur turned to the pilot and gave a low order. The helm was shifted and the tiny vessel pointed for the bowsprit of the Philadelphia. Nearer and nearer they came, until scarcely a cable's length separated them. They saw several turbaned heads, and an officer leaned over the rail, puffing lazily at a cigarette. He leisurely took the cigarette from his mouth, and his voice came across the quiet water of the harbor:

"Where do you come from?" he hailed.

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Catalano, the pilot, answered him in the lingua Franca of the East.

"The ketch Stella, from Malta. We lost our anchors and cables in the gale, and would like to lie by during the night."

The Tripolitan took another puff, and an ominous stir, quickly silenced, was heard down in the hold of the ketch. It seemed an eternity before the answer came:

"Your request is unusual, but I will grant it," said the Tripolitan, at last. "What ship is that in the offing?"

The officer had seen the Siren, which hovered outside the entrance of the harbor.

"The British ship Transfer," said Catalano promptly.

The ketch was slowly drifting down until a grappling-iron could almost be thrown aboard. Right under the broadside she went, and a line of dark heads peered over the rail at her as she gradually approached the bow.

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The chains of the frigate were now almost in the grasp of Reuben James, on the forecastle, when the wind failed, and a cat's-paw caught the ketch aback. Down she drifted toward the terrible broadside. But at a sign from Decatur the eager Lawrence and James got into a small boat and carried a line to a ring bolt at the frigate's bow. A boat put out from the Philadelphia at the same time. But Lawrence coolly took the hawser from the Tripolitan—"to save the gentleman trouble," he explained—and brought it aboard the Intrepid. A moment more, and the ketch was warping down under the Philadelphia's quarter. It was a moment of dire peril. The slightest suspicion, and they would be blown to pieces.

Decatur leaned lightly against the rail, but his hand grasped his cutlass under his robe so that the blood tingled in his nails and his muscles were drawn and tense. Morris and Joseph Bainbridge stood at the rigging beside him, trembling like greyhounds in leash.

Suddenly they swung around and shot out from under the shadow into a yellow patch of moonlight. The watchful eyes above the rail saw the anchor and cables, and the white jackets of the sailors below decks as they strove to hide themselves in the shadows. One glance was enough. In an instant the ship resounded with the thrilling cry: "Americano! Americano!"

At the same moment the Intrepid ground up against the side of the frigate. In an instant, as if by magic, she was alive with men. Throwing off his disguise, and with a loud cry of "Boarders away," Decatur sprang for the mizzen chains. And now the hot blood of fighting leapt to their brains. The long agony of suspense was over. Lawrence and Laws sprang for the chain-plates and hauled themselves up. Decatur's foot slipped, and Morris was the first on deck. Laws dashed at a port, pistols in hand. Nothing could withstand the fury of the charge, and over the rail they swarmed, cutlasses in teeth, jumping over the nettings, and down on the heads of the Tripolitans below. Though Morris was first on deck, Decatur lunged in ahead of him, bringing down the Tripolitan officer before he could draw his sword. One of them aimed a pike at him, but he parried it deftly, and Morris cut the fellow down with a blow that laid his shoulder open from collar to elbow.

Though surprised, the Tripolitans fought fiercely. They had won their title of "the best hand-to-hand fighters in the world" in many a hard pirate battle in the Mediterranean. Around the masts they rallied, scimetars in hand, until they were cut or borne down by the fury of their opponents.

After the first order, not a word was spoken, and not a shot was fired. The Americans needed no orders. Over the quarter-deck they swept—irresistible, clearing it in a trice. Overwhelmed by the fierce onslaught, the Tripolitans fled for life, the sailors driving them up on the forecastle and overboard in a mass, where their falling bodies sounded like the splash of a ricochet.

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So swift was the work that in ten minutes no Tripolitans were left on the deck of the frigate but the dead. Not a sailor had been killed. One man had been slashed across the forehead, but he grinned through the blood and fought the more fiercely. Then the watchers out on the Siren saw a single rocket go high in the air, which was Decatur's signal that the Philadelphia was again an American vessel.

In the meanwhile the combustibles were handed up from the ketch with incredible swiftness, and the work of destruction began. Midshipman Morris and his crew had fought their way below to the cock-pit and had set a fire there. But so swiftly did those above

"OVER THE RAIL THEY SWARMED. DOWN ON THE HEADS OF THE TRIPOLITANS BELOW"

accomplish their work that he and his men barely had time to escape. On reaching the upper deck, Decatur found the flames pouring from the portholes on both sides, and flaring up red and hungry to seize the tar-soaked shrouds. He gave the order to abandon, and over the sides they tumbled, as quickly as they had come. Decatur was the last to leave the deck. All the men were over, and the ketch was drifting clear, while around him the flames were pouring, their hot breath overpowering him. But he made a jump for it and landed safely, amid the cheers of his men.

Then the great oars were got out, eight on a side, and pulling them as only American sailor-men could or can, they swept out toward the Siren.

The Tripolitans ashore and on the gunboats had hastened to their guns, and now as the ketch was plainly seen, their batteries belched forth a terrific storm of shot that flew across the water. The men bent their backs splendidly to their work, jeering the while at the enemy as the balls whistled by their heads or sent the foam splashing over them. Out they went, across the great crimson glare of the fire. It was magnificent. The flames swept up the shrouds with a roar, catching the woodwork of the tops and eating them as though they were tinder. She was ablaze from water to truck, and all the heavens were alight, as though aglow at the splendid sacrifice. Then to the added roar of the batteries ashore came the response from the guns of the flaming ship, which, heated by the fierce flames, began to discharge themselves. But not all of them were fired so, for, in a second, all eyes were dazzled by a blazing light, and they saw the great hull suddenly burst open, with huge streaks of flame spurting from between the parting timbers. Then came a roar that made the earth and sea shudder. The fire had reached the magazine.

The waves of it came out to the gallant crew, who, pausing in their work, gave one last proof of their contempt of danger. Rising to their feet, they gave three great American cheers that echoed back to the forts while their guns thundered fruitlessly on.

Decatur and his men were safe under the Siren's guns.

Is it any wonder that Congress gave Decatur a sword and made him a Captain, or that Lord Nelson called this feat "the most bold and daring act of the age"?

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ON SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

PRACTICAL TALKS BY PRACTICAL MEN

Friendships in Business

IT IS a good thing to have friends, but a bad thing to depend on friendship for business. People in this era will not pay more in one place for goods than they can be bought for in another, even for friendship. It is well to bear this in mind in calculating upon friendship as a factor in business. A man may join all the societies in existence, and may be popular in all classes of society, but he must depend upon the merits of his goods and his credit to sell at a reasonable price to retain the custom that friendship brings. Friendship is often more of a curse than a blessing in business. Usually it is a man's friends that "stick" him. Many of our readers will agree with these assertions, that they have lost more money through friends than they ever made out of them.

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The Weakening Effect of Envy

IT WAS never intended that man should be a selfish, narrow-minded being, thinking that the world was made for one individual, and for him alone, says the Canadian Druggist.

We see too frequently the spirit of bitterness and envy displayed where nothing but harmonious feelings should exist. The small-souled, envious person, who cannot bear to see any evidence of prosperity in his neighbor, is to be pitied.

How much better it is for all, and now we refer specially to those engaged in one line of business, to work together harmoniously. Better results can be obtained, life made more worth living, and animosities set aside by mutual repression of the worst in our natures and the development of that which is manly and right.

We see this unfortunate spirit of envy rampant in all classes. The business man who cultivates the spirit of meanness and envy is not only a nuisance to those with whom he comes in contact, but a veritable curse to himself, bringing down on his own head, as a rule, that which he would wish to see inflicted on others.

If we would make our business, ourselves, our commercial and our social life a success, we must cultivate live-and-let-live principles, and recognize the fact that each one of us constitutes but a very small portion of the population of this world in which we live.

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Smoothness or Bluntness in Business

BY "SMOOTHNESS," here, we mean tactfulness; by "bluntness," crude honesty, says the Keystone. The "tactful" merchant is able, by judicious choice of words, to modify the harshness of the severe truth, even without sacrifice of any part of the truth; the "blunt" speaker utters the cold, hard truth.

Nine out of ten merchants, probably ninety-nine out of a hundred, will say offhand that the smooth, or tactful, man will show better results in business than he of blunt speech. The writer agrees with this consensus of opinion; but at the same time one must not underrate the tremendous strength of the position of the "blunt" fellow who takes his stand on the simple truth, unadorned and unrelieved. He appeals, in a peculiar way, to the sympathies, good-will and confidence of a large element in every community; and with this element he will unceasingly prevail over his no less truthful, but more tactful, competitor. His advantage is in that he has nothing to conceal (for truth is the final revelation); while the "tactful" man must conceal the fact that he is using tact even in telling the truth. There is an implied explanation and apology in the final account, on Judgment Day, in every present declaration that "a spade is a digging instrument." Happy the conscience whose tongue invariably declares a spade to be a spade!

But "smoothness" undoubtedly does sell goods; and in the modern business creed the success of a formula establishes a principle. Tactfulness pays; therefore we canonize Saint Tact in the business hierarchy. Let us inquire into his virtues, in order that his halo may be the more becoming to him, in our eyes, and make us see him better.

We will suppose that a young lady enters a jewelry store, to inquire for a piece of jewelry that was to have been specially ordered for her. Blunt says, "Well, now, this is too bad—but I forgot to order it! I shall do so at once,"—but the young lady has been insulted by the unflattering inattention to her order, and it will be many a day before she gives Blunt another chance at a special order. Under the same circumstances, Smooth would have said, "I am very sorry for the delay, but the bracelet has not yet come to hand. I'll telegraph the manufacturer at once, so that it may be hurried along." He tells the truth, but not the whole truth. He does not think it necessary to advertise his carelessness; and he actually gets credit out of the situation because of his intention to telegraph, thus showing a seeming zeal and desire to please, and so retains his customer.

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The Need of Constant Preparation

THE business of life is serious. Its cares are constant and exacting. Review the careers of men in all the vocations and marvel at the many failures or meager successes. Comparatively few have made the most of opportunity. Fewer still, through principle, purity, prayer, have achieved happiness of heart, which is the soul's high desire. Many preface the situation with an if. More are too stupid to realize mistakes, and plod along complacently in a humdrum routine, eating, sleeping, until Age, like a merciful angel, drops the curtain.

Why is it that, while the professions are overcrowded, there are only occasionally great preachers, lawyers, physicians, litterateurs, singers; that, while business men abound, capable, conscientious tradesmen are scarce? Why, if not for lack of preparation, apprenticeship, discipline, education, training? The world wants specialists. Skill has everywhere become the condition of success. Men who can excel are in demand. There is no place for mediocrity.

The men in a certain carriage factory have been fifteen or more years employed at single tasks, as turning, sanding, bolting, striping, until each is expert; and many have so grasped the principle involved in their particular work as to have been able to contrive mechanism which does away with much of the labor while bettering the quality and increasing the quantity or product. The interests of their employers are better served by these experienced and faithful artisans than they possibly could be by novices, while the employed have steady, permanent, well-paying positions by reason of knowing their business. Among a hundred or more grocerymen in a single city, I recall one, far-famed for his judgment of selection, taste of arrangement, knowledge of prices, gentlemanly demeanor, clean appearance and constant effort to please; and that man received the large share of trade, six days out of seven. So in any work, from planing a board to sighting a cannon, from prescribing of pills to proclaiming the Gospel, equipment, preparation is what tells.

We are illy prepared for the strife at best, and there is altogether too much of an effort to hurry through the college curriculum; many cannot even wait to finish the course. And thus, through all the years that follow, the man is handicapped by inaccurate knowledge, resulting from insufficient training. Minds that are but scratched by the harrow of surface work do not yield grains that nourish nor fruits that relish. Deep cultivation of mind-soil will return the most satisfactory results in every case.

"As ye sow so shall ye reap." Sow to the classes, and you will reap habits of study; sow studious habits, and you will reap reputation for knowledge; sow reputation for knowledge, and you will reap a destiny of power. The laurel crown is worn by those who early tread the up-hill roadway of hard, painstaking labor. Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, and Garfield once declared, "The chief difference in men will be found in the amount of work they do." There is no Royal road to anything, and the only way to assure future position, prosperity or happiness in this unfettered land and progressive age is to keep "pegging away" while the golden sun of promise is rising and the sky is bright with the blue of tender hope. Energy, effort, honest toil in preparation will, sooner or later, bring you just reward.—B. B. Gibbs, in Convention.

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Sticking to a Good Position

JOHN WANAMAKER, writing in the True Philadelphian, declares his opinion that men, for the most part, get what they are worth. It is the hardest thing in the world, he says, to find a clean, strong, earnest, upright young man—they're as scarce as hen's teeth. I had a boy working for me at three dollars a week, and one day his father, who was loom boss in a factory, came to see me and said he guessed he'd take his boy out; he could make more in the factory.

"How much?" I asked.

"Four dollars a week."

"Well, let him alone and he'll be getting five a week here after a while."

When the boy was getting eight dollars the father came again, and again I persuaded him to leave the boy with me. When the boy was getting ten dollars a week the father came again and said he was going to take the boy away.

"What for?"

"He isn't making money enough."

"What will you do with him?"

"Put him in the factory."

"How much will he get?"

"Twelve dollars first; fifteen afterward."

"Any more?"

"Yes; he may get to be a loom boss."

"What will he make then?"

"Seventy-five dollars a month."

"Well, then let the boy alone; he'll be getting a hundred a month here some day."

I had the hardest work to get that man to leave his boy; but we are now paying the young man $1000 a month.

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What Concentration Will Accomplish

"MANY persons, seeing me so much engaged in active life," said Edward Bulwer-Lytton, "and as much above the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall surprise you by the answer I made. It was this: 'I contrive to do so much work by never doing too much at a time.'

"Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left the college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and besides all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes. And yet, what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study, to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day. But then, during these three hours I have given my whole attention to what I was about and lost not a moment."

Every great man has become great, every successful man has succeeded, in proportion as he has confined his powers to one particular channel.

Hogarth would rivet his attention upon a face and study it until it was photographed on his memory. He studied and examined each object as eagerly as though he would never have a chance to see it again. He was not a man of great education or culture, except in his unusual power of intense observation.—Pushing to the Front.

TOLD OF THE PLAYERS

How Dodson Studies a Part.—"When about to study a new part, I read the play several times and try to absorb the tone of it. After that I commit the lines to memory, and become mechanically perfect in them," says this actor, in Theatrical Tidings. "This I do, if possible, before the first rehearsal, as, until the words of a part flow easily, rehearsals are of little use. I then form a mental picture of the character in order to arrange the make-up of the head, face and dress, with all its details. The next thing I endeavor to do is to get the manner of the part, adding any peculiarities I may think suitable and effective. After this I imagine the mentality of the character and decide how to indicate it. The last thing, and the most important, is to think how to portray the emotions produced by the position in which the man is placed relatively to the other characters belonging to the play."

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Richard Mansfield's Leniency.—A friend of Richard Mansfield says that the other day a would-be playwright brought to the actor a play for him to read. It was execrably bad. The writer, by diplomacy more artful than anything in his play, reached the actor's presence and demanded a verdict. Mr. Mansfield took the manuscript and read it critically and carefully. It was full of crudities and he felt it a kindness to point out to the fellow the mistakes he had made. But the tyro waxed wroth. "Do you know that play cost me a year's hard labor?" he exclaimed. Mr. Mansfield, with imperturbable grace, replied: "My dear man, you are fortunate. A more just Judge would have made it ten years. He really would."

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While Joe Jefferson Slept.—While he was playing Rip Van Winkle at Chicago Jefferson once went to the theatre very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. As the curtain rose on the third act it disclosed the white-haired Rip still deep in his twenty-years' nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed and he did not waken. The audience began to get impatient and the prompter uneasy.

The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the realistic business too far. The fact was that all this time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather of the fisherman who had sat eight hours in the sun. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there was going to be "nineteen years more of this snooze business!"

At this point Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod Rip from below. The fagged comedian fumbled in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket, and muttered drowsily, "Going right through, 'ductor."

At this entirely new reading the audience was transfixed with amazement, when all at once Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a pin. Consciousness of the situation came to him and the play went on after that with a rush.

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Playing all the Notes.—Herr Scheel tells of a conscientious cornet player in one of his orchestras who gave an unexpected rendering of a well-known passage. "Let's have that over again," requested Scheel, surprised at hearing a note which was not in the score. The note was sounded again and again. "What are you playing?" he asked at last, exasperated by the musician.

"I am playing what am on ze paper," said the cornet player. "I blay vat is before me."

"Let me have a look."

The part was handed to the conductor. "Why, you idiot," he roared, "can't you see this is a dead fly?" "I don't care," was the answer, "he was there, and I blayed him."

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

General Rosser's Modest Uniform The story is told that when General Thomas L. Rosser, who has a stalwart form and a swarthy countenance, was visiting Washington, a newly-appointed officer asked him where he would have his uniforms made. "They will cost you lots of money," said he. "I had six suits made and they cost me in all a round $700.'

"I will only need," responded Rosser, "a flannel shirt, a pair of shoulder straps and a string or braid around my hat to designate that I am an officer."

"You will have to get a fine horse General; General Butler has had a black stallion presented to him, and other Generals have secured fine horses.'

"Well," replied Rosser, "I have some good stock on my farm in Virginia, but I think a mule will be best in Cuba, and I expect to ride a mule."

It may be that this browned Confederat veter[illegible] with his flannel shirt, bestriding a mule, will not be as dazzling as some military men, but he will be ready for any encounter

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When Colonel Grigsby Lived in the Swamps Colonel Grigsby, who is in command of a regiment of genuine cowboys, is the Attorney-General of South Dakota. He has resided in that State for twenty five years. He is a veteran of the Civil War, although still young He was once a prisoner at Andersonville, and twice a prisoner at Florence, South Carolina On both occasions he escaped, being recaptured the first time after having spent thirty five days in the swamps. The second time he was successful in reaching Sherman's line near Savannah, after having endured untold hardships and having many hairbreadth escapes. His sobriquet, "the smoked Yank," was given him after he reached Sherman's Army, because of his grimy face, the result of long exposure and the soot of many solitary camp fires in the wilderness

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Cervera's Yankee Love Affair Admiral Cervera, whose name is now so prominently before the public, was naval attaché at the Spanish Legation here nearly twenty-five years ago.

The young officer owed his position to the fact that he was the nephew of the famous Admiral Topete, the most distinguished naval officer Spain has had in the last half century, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat His father was the richest wine merchant [illegible] Spain. For two hundred years the [illegible] Cervera has existed as wine dealers in Jerez, handling all the sherry which comes from that district alone. Cervera was a handsome fellow then. He was rich, a bachelor, and his dinners were among the finest given by diplomats during General Grant's last term Cervera was recalled, and entered the Cabinet of Alfonso XII in November, 1885

While here Cervera had a love affair that was much talked of at the time. He became desperately enamored of a charming young lady, the only child of one of the proudest and haughtiest men who ever sat in the Senate of the United States. She was not only a Senator's daughter, but as cold and proud as was her stately, aristocratic sire Whether she smiled or frowned upon the ardent suit of her picturesque, handsome Spanish lover cannot now be told

In those days Cervera played the guitar with the grace of his race, and possessed an admirable light tenor voice. At an evening reception given by Mrs Fish, wife of the Secretary of State, Cervera was asked to sing He complied by fixing the attention of every one near him upon his mamorata, as, gazing at her in the most fervid manner, he made her a deep bow and burst into the passionate measures of the most sensational of Spanish love songs. This was too much for the girl, and she quietly left the house

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Emil Paur, the Successor of Seidl Emil Paur, the successor of Anton Seidl as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, is not only an able musician, but a very popular man, says the Chicago Times Herald Paur came over to this country in 1893 from Germany, to be the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra At that time Herr Paur had the appearance of a Continental artist. His hair was flowing, his beard untrimmed, his clothes were negligée, and he was most unconventional in manner. Now he is trim and ultra fashionable. His career as leader in Germany was noteworthy. He conducted opera and concert at Berlin Konigsberg, Leipsic, Mannheim and Cassel.

Mme Paur, the new leader's wife, was Marie Burger, who, as a pianist, won considerable fame in Germany. She has had masters such as Lehert, Rubinstein, Bruckner, Lescautsky and Essipoff She practices enthusiastically. The Paur home is distinctly musical and the two bright sons have shown wonderful talent in the art that has made father and mother famous. As a conductor, Herr Paur is not graceful. He is energetic and earnest, and his gestures are unsympathetic. It is believed he will become one of New York's best-beloved musicians

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George Kennan, the War Correspondent George Kennan, whose articles in the Outlook on the Cuban War are attracting wide attention, is in many ways a most remarkable character Starting his business life as a telegraph operator, he joined, in 1863, the Russian American telegraph expedition. But the operation of the second Atlantic cable made the Russian American telegraph useless, and Kennan, who had acquired a wide knowledge of the various dialects in the vast Russian Empire, traveled extensively through Siberia. He returned to America and delivered occasional lectures. In May, 1885, he revisited Russia and Siberia; this time his purpose was to study the exile system and describe the true state of affairs to the Century.

In 1886, Mr Kennan and the artist who accompanied him returned to America, but Mr. Kennan's articles did not appear in the Century until two years later

It would be strange, says William Webster Ellsworth, in the Outlook, if the experiences of such a journey had not left their impress on the man who had accomplished it When you meet George Kennan you recognize in that slender, sinewy form, with [illegible] man who has done something worth while and a man who could do some other thing if the opportunity came. When he is off duty at his summer home in Baddeck, you will find him a merry companion, fond of fun, devoted to camp life, fishing, and a bicycle; a lover of Nature and of all the fine, pure things of life; but there is always an undercurrent of concentration, as if the memory of his experiences had cut deep into his soul

GEORGE KENNAN

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Miss Estelle Reel Honored by the President Miss Estelle Reel, who was recently appointed Superintendent of Indian Schools by President McKinley, is fully able to fill this important Government position. She is a Wyoming woman, and is only thirty one years old. She has exerted quite an influence in the politics of her State, and has even been seriously considered as a gubernatorial candidate But she disclaims ability to fill the Governor's chair, and is not willing to stand as a candidate. She is pretty, well educated, and broad minded. She began her career as a public school teacher in Cheyenne, and gradually rose in popularity until she was finally appointed State Superintendent of Public Schools. From all accounts Miss Reel is the kind of woman who is a credit to her sex, and one whom men esteem

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When General Greely Was Rescued by Schley General A W Greely, whose keen censorship over the news despatches has deprived Spain of some valuable information, owes his rescue from starvation in the Arctic regions to Commodore Schley. In his book, The Rescue of Greely, Schley thus describes the finding of the explorer and the other frozen and starved survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, in July, 1884

On his hands and knees was a dark man with a long, matted beard and brilliant, staring eyes As Lieutenant Colwell approached he managed to raise himself a little and put on a pair of eyeglasses

"Who are you?" asked Colwell

The man, thoroughly exhausted, made no answer, staring at him vacantly

Who are you?" again

One of the men spoke up

"That is the Major—Major Greely

Colwell, stooping down, took him by the hand, saying to him

"Greely, is this you?"

"Yes," said Greely, in a faint, broken voice hesitating and shuffling with his words Yes, seven of us left here we are dying—like men! Did what I came to do—beat the best record.

Then he fell back thoroughly exhausted

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Commodore Schley's Little Act of Diplomacy They tell a story about Schley that shows him in a purely private and unofficial capacity. One day, while his ship was lying at anchor in Brooklyn Harbor, a large party of Sunday school teachers came on board They went all over the ship, were treated most courteously, of course, and were very much interested and edified. Presently one of the members of the party, in mousing about [illegible]ng some hogsheads, found one that was packed full of beer-bottles. The bottles were empty, but only their necks stuck out of the straw, and the Sunday school man, after close inspection, came to the sad conclusion that a great deal of beer was going to be swallowed on that ship in the near future. He went and told the others, and they held a caucus in a corner of the main deck Then they sent a committee to Schley to tell him about it, and remonstrate He was in his cabin The committee said they were surprised and pained to see what a large quantity of intoxicants was provided for the men to drink

"How is that?" said Schley, not suspecting what they had found out

The committee told what they had seen and added that it was simply shocking.

"Shocking! I should say so!" exclaimed Schley. "It shall be attended to at once." And he rushed on deck, the committee pouring up the stairs after him He called some of the sailors and told them to dump that hogshead overboard The sailors took in the situation, and with suppressed amusement hove the bottles over the side

The Sunday school teachers crowded around Schley and all talked at once, telling him what a nice man he was. He was modestly happy under their commendation, and after they had gone he paid two or three dollars into the wardroom mess to cover the value of the bottles he had sunk

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President Deschanel, of the French Deputies This brilliant young Frenchman has just [illegible] success in his public career by defeating Henri Brisson for the Presidency of the new French Chamber of Deputies. M. Brisson was a veteran incumbent of the office, and had secured it by flattering majorities. This year the Government candidate was M Deschanel, a former Vice President of the Chamber. He was first elected by a majority of a single vote, and, declining to take office on so narrow a party margin, entered a second contest and won by four votes.

The new President is under forty years of age, is small in stature, and elegant in dress and manner. He was elected a deputy from the Department of the Eure and Seine in 1885 and has been returned at each succeeding election From his entrance into political life he has been considered a Conservative Republican and regarded as one of the foremost of French orators He has also made for himself a name in literature, both as an author and as a Professor in the College of France The study of economic problems has long been a passion with him, and because of it he was appointed by the Government in 1892 a special commissioner to study the labor question in America

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Lieutenant Carbonnel, Who Rescued Miss Cisneros Lieutenant Carlos J. Carbonnel who was one of the rescuers of Miss Cisneros, and who recently married her, is on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee Before the war, Carbonnel was a prosperous Havana banker The part he played in the romantic rescue of the beautiful Cuban girl was not made known at the time, as it seemed best for him to remain in Havana for a few months. It is now known that it was he who drove the carriage which bore Miss Cisneros to safety, and it was in his home that she was harbored during the days intervening between the rescue and the date of sailing When she walked across Havana in daylight, disguised as a Spanish sailor, Carbonnel was one of those who walked behind, and under their protection the girl boarded the steamer under the very nose of the Chief of Police It seemed only fitting that this thrilling incident should end in the marriage of rescuer and rescued

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How Cecil Rhodes Reads Character Mr Cecil Rhodes considers himself a very good character reader from facial expression, and has declared that he hardly ever varies his first opinion of a person. Not many months ago a friend of his presented a young man to him in the hope that the youth might find favor and so secure a good post of some kind or other. The youth was gratified by Mr. Rhodes' kind reception of him, but the friend was not satisfied. "The chief never smiles like that at a face he fancies," was his comment And it subsequently proved a true forecast

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Count de Cassini, the Russian Ambassador Count de Cassini, the new Ambassador from the Court of the Czar, is a gentleman of most illustrious ancestry The family of Cassini, from father to son, have for more than one hundred and seventy four years been directors of the great observatory of Paris. The immediate family of the Ambassador went to Russia early in the present century The family is made up almost entirely of scientists, and the present Count was the first to enter politics

Count de Cassini's fame as a diplomat long preceded him. His diplomatic work for Russia in the Orient was remarkable. He represented the Czar though the complications which followed the China Japanese War, and he secured the valuable concessions to Russia which the Chinese Emperor recently granted. His reward for those services was his present appointment to the United States, now considered one of the highest diplomatic stations

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The Margueritte, Who Wrote The Disaster Paul and Victor Marguerite, whose joint work, The Disaster, is attracting wide attention are the sons of General Marguerite, who was mortally wounded near Sedan in a brilliant charge at the head of the Chasseurs d Afrique on August 31, 1870. Paul Marguerite was born in Algeria, in 1860, and has devoted himself to literature from his youth He made his début by a short history of General Marguerite, entitled Mon Pere, and from 1883 to 1896 published twenty three volumes

Victor Marguerite was also born in Algeria, but six years later than his brother Paul His first published work was a small but charming volume of verse, La Chanson de la Mer, which appeared in 1889. He enlisted in the Spahis in 1866, entered the cavalry school at Saumur in 1891, and after four years, during which time he served as an officer in the Dragoons in Paris and Versailles he resigned in order to devote himself entirely to Literature. The collaboration of the two brothers dates nearly three years back, when they started work upon The Disaster, the most important of their joint productions

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

Where Gun Practice Has Paid

Captain Sigsbee's recent tribute to the effectiveness of the drill and gunnery of our sailors was well deserved, for we possess in our Navy the finest marksmen in the world But this has been only the result of long and careful practice. The naval authorities have placed the right estimate on the value of gun practice in the Navy, and the achievements of the gunners in the present war are showing the wisdom of their course.

The target practice on board ships is thorough and costly. Each vessel is supposed to fire twenty four shots from each gun each year, and the expense to the Government annually runs into a million dollars. Then there is also the sub-calibre practice, which is efficient and much less expensive. In this practice a forty five-calibre bullet is fired from a four, five six or eight inch breech loading gun. It is accomplished by a mechanism which holds a rifle barrel in the breech of a large gun with such nicety that the bullet when fired will strike just where a monster shell would hit fired from the same gun. This system gives the practice and costs much less than firing the huge shells. The Government devotes more money to gun practice than any foreign nation, and results have justified the importance of this branch of naval efficiency

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Wherein German Elections Benefit America

The United States has had a larger interest in the outcome of the general election throughout Germany than any other foreign nation What is there known as the Agrarian movement is the crystallization of the bitter hostility to American interests in the matter of agricultural products The agrarian, or rural and agricultural leader have sought, by special legislation and distorted applications of tariff provisions, to exclude from Germany all American agricultural products Already much injury to our exports of these commodities can be traced directly to agrarian influence

The elections resulted in an overwhelming defeat of this party—as much of a surprise doubtless, to the German Government as was the greatly reduced Socialist vote, which the authorities had come to fear. Only or straight out Agrarian candidate for the new Reichstag was elected, and of the representatives of other parties who were pledged to Agrarianism only sixty six succeeded. The defeat of the Agrarians was due to their overreaching and exorbitant demands.

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A New Way of Robbing the Government

The enormous demand for the new revenue stamps aroused the suspicion at the Treasury Department that the call was the result of speculation. Measures were taken at once to thwart this attempt to corner the supply by increasing the output and by limiting sales to comparatively small lots

No chance to rob the Government is lost by a certain class of persons, and the Treasury Department took a wise step when it decided to stop enriching unscrupulous speculators at its own expense The business interests have been subjected to vexation and loss out of all proportion to the Government's gain The losses cannot be mended now, but this little experience should prove valuable in case of future legislation

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A Crew's Cowardice Lost Hundreds of Lives

The frightful disaster in which more than 500 lives were lost by the sinking of the French transatlantic steamer, La Bourgogne, illustrates once again the fact that the dangers of ocean passage during fog have not been eliminated, and that in spite of the infrequency of such appalling disasters peril still lies in wait for those who go down to the sea in ships. The loss of the Bourgogne naturally recalls the loss of the Tribe in the North Sea, but not for a quarter of a century has a disaster rivaling that of the French liner occurred in or near American waters

On April 1, 1873, the White Star steamer Atlantic struck on Marr's Rock, off the Nova Scotia coast, and 547 lives were lost The sinking of the Bourgogne will go down in the history of transatlantic travel as one of the most appalling of disasters. And it is by no means creditable to the manliness of the crew that but one woman was saved from the entire number. The responsibility for the disaster cannot be definitely fixed The hearing of the fog signals by each Captain did not prevent the collision, and it cannot be absolutely determined as regards the speed of each vessel The latest International Marine Conference recommended that every vessel [illegible] should go at a moderate speed, and hearing the fog signal of a vessel apparently forward of her beam, should, so far as circumstances admit, navigate with increased caution. These rather general precautions the Captains of both vessels undoubtedly observed, but that did not prevent the awful disaster, and in no sense lessens the blame of the brutal sailors in beating off the passengers who attempted to save themselves by clambering into the boats

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Sighting the Enemy from Mid-Air

The big military balloon which was sent to Cuba with the first Santiago expedition is proving of the greatest value to our men. From it the officers in charge have been able to survey the enemy's position and locate their defenses. Brave reconnoissances are of little value compared to what can be seen from a balloon poised high in air

General Miles had seen these balloons in successful use at Aldershot, and again during the French manœuvres. Early in May one was ordered from Paris for experimental purposes in the United States Army

The balloon is first charged with gas, and then allowed to ascend by means of a wire cable paid out from a huge reel. This cable is used as a telegraph and telephone conductor, by which the aeronauts transmit their observations to those below. There is little danger of rifle-balls piercing the balloon, as it is constantly swaying to and fro so that, at the usual elevation of 2500 feet, it is an extremely difficult target and runs no particular danger.

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How Woodwork Defeated the Spaniards

The American naval constructor who reported on the damage sustained by the Chinese at the battle of Yalu, found that almost as many lives had been destroyed by flying splinters of wood as by bullets and larger projectiles. Ever since that fight American war ships have been stripped of every particle of wood possible, and where it was found necessary to retain any woodwork it was thoroughly fire proofed When the building of several new ships was being considered, a year ago, the advocates of fire proof wood insisted that it should be used, but the contractors fought against it on the ground that it was both difficult to work and unnecessary. After reading accounts of the Santiago fight, in which the Spanish ships are described as having caught fire, the officials in the Navy have swung around strongly in favor of using no more wood in construction than is absolutely [illegible] Naval constructors are confident that the Spanish were forced from many of their guns by the smoke and flames of burning wood work Very little smoke between decks will drive men from their guns to the deck

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Why Austria Needs Despotism

The situation of political affairs in Austria seems to have reached a crisis. The Emperor highly indignant at the riotous scenes in the Reichsrath, prorogued that body till autumn. The parties opposed to the Government steadfastly and bitterly opposed every movement in favor of a compromise with Hungary, and all attempts at an agreement proved to be futile

Francis Joseph undoubtedly has the weal of the Commonwealth at heart, but absolutism in Austria has never died out. The Emperor has given liberal constitutional forms of Government a fair trial, but in spite of all that, racial feuds have become fiercer with the representatives of the various nationalities instantly flying at one another's throats Apparently the Monarch has no resort but a return to absolutism in order to save his Kingdom from disintegration

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Peary's Determined Search for the Pole

Lieutenant Robert E Peary's latest voyage to the Frozen North, on which he has recently started, may be considered the greatest venture which this intrepid explorer has yet undertaken. It will be his sixth visit to the Arctic realms, but while in his former voyages he sought only to determine the northern boundaries, this time he hopes to reach the North Pole. In his plan of crossing Greenland over the "Great Ice," and thence making his way to the Pole over the chain of islands which he has discovered stretch from Greenland to the Pole.

Peary has probably discovered the most feasible route. While other discoverers have tried ships and balloons, Peary has learned by experience the reliability of the sledge and the inestimable value of Eskimo assistance

His plans are, after reaching Inglefield Gulf, to take a few families of Eskimos to the west coast of Greenland and there form a base of supplies. Thence he expects to move steadily northward as the weather and other conditions will permit If it should be necessary to delay a considerable time in one spot, Peary is prepared for that exigency, but is determined sooner or later to reach the Pole His Eskimo companions will undoubtedly prove invaluable to him This time he will take with him entire families, as he has found that the men when separated from their families grow restive and are anxious to return home Besides, the women and children will be no extra burden to Peary, and they work as faithfully and fully as hard as the men

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How a Great Army is Organized

Immediately prior to the war with Spain the Army of the United States was distributed among eight military departments, into which the country was divided, those of the East, the Missouri Dakota, the Colorado, the Columbia, California, Texas, and the Platte. The largest organizations numerically were the regiments of artillery, cavalry and infantry. During the Civil War the combined regular and volunteer Army was divided into brigades of two or more regiments of infantry or squadrons of cavalry, divisions of two or more brigades and corps of two or more divisions of infantry, artillery and cavalry, aggregating from 20,000 to 30,000 men. Cavalry corps were composed of three divisions of thirty-two regiments and a brigade of horse artillery of eight batteries

There were also armies named after rivers, as the Army of the Potomac, which contained several whole corps and parts of others as exigencies required In time of peace there are no brigade divisions, or corps organizations For the war with Spain a new department was created, that of the Pacific, which includes the Philippine Islands; and the Army, comprising the reorganized and enlarged regular Army and the whole body of volunteers, was divided into seven corps

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New Uniforms for Our Soldiers

Our Army regulations say that every soldier, when in full marching order, shall carry impedimenta aggregating sixty pounds in weight. Of course, this is impossible under the conditions which prevail in Cuba, and our panting and perspiring boys have been shedding all superfluous portions of their heavy woolen uniforms and equipment This means a great waste to the Government, but the men who were sent to the Tropics equipped for a cool climate cannot be blamed

New uniforms are at last ready for them and are being shipped They are made of drill weave and duck, and weigh between two and three pounds each, as against some eight pounds of blue woolen which the men are, or were, wearing. The color of the coats is buff, but the War Department does not propose to abandon the old Army color The authorities have selected a light, durable blue which will be worn in alternation with the brown duck and drill uniforms Forty thousand sets of this light weight clothing are being distributed to the men in Cuba.

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Our New Possessions in the Pacific

The Senate and the House of Representatives having passed the Hawaiian Annexation resolution, that group of islands will soon become a part of the United States The annexation of Hawaii is the first step in the policy of territorial expansion, and practically sounds the death knell of the Monroe Doctrine. The retention of the Philippines, the seizure of the Ladrones and Porto Rico, and the completion of the Nicaragua Canal are all links in the chain of conquest and colonization which this country is forging

According to the resolution as passed by Congress, Hawaii will be annexed as a Territory. But in the opinion of certain able lawyers, there is no warrant for this course of action in the Constitution. Congress has the power to admit States—as Texas, for example—but no power is delegated to it to annex foreign territory Here is the first knotty problem to be solved. Then, [illegible] from a Territory Hawaii may pass into a State should it become necessary for party politics to secure two new Senators, and, of course, these new Senators would be servants of the Sugar Trust. But it is not necessary to cross any bridge until it is reached. We have decided through our representatives at Washington to annex the Hawaiian Islands, and as the problems involved shall come up for solution they will no doubt be handled satisfactorily for all concerned

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America Cornering the Trade of Japan

Since our manufacturing interests have taken pains to acquaint themselves with the conditions and needs of the Japanese markets, our trade in the far East has been growing rapidly. Great Britain increased her imports into Japan in 1897 by about five per cent. Those from Germany were only eight per cent. of the total—a decrease of two per cent from the preceding year, while there was an increase of fifty seven per cent in the imports from the United States. That is, we sent four times more to Japan in 1897 than in 1890. In the same period, British exports increased but two and a half times.

Raw cotton, kerosene, locomotives, machinery and rails are the principal items in the list of goods which we supply to the "Yankees of the East." American manufacturers are underbidding England, and making so much prompter deliveries that they are wresting from her merchants much business which they formerly monopolized

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Inventing New Honors for Hobson

Secretary Long is confronted with a curious problem. He intends to reward Naval Constructor Hobson suitably for his heroism, but just how to do it without injustice to other meritorious officers is puzzling him. A study of the naval register shows that if Hobson is advanced to the grade of Lieutenant Commander, he will have received the greatest reward in our naval history. Cushing was given fifty-six numbers, and gained one year and nine months in his record But if Hobson is made a Commander, he will gain 344 numbers, it is calculated, and some twenty years in time That means that he would become senior officer in the Navy within fifteen years, and, as he is now a young man, he would retain that place for twenty years or more—a most unprecedented thing in our history. Naval officers who are desirous of finding some other satisfactory way of rewarding our heroes are urging these facts, and pointing out that Dewey gained but ten numbers by his achievement at Manila

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The World's Sugar-Bowl

Germany annually produces more beet sugar than any other country, more than double the combined yield of Austria Hungary and France, the next largest producers, and Java, the most sugar cane—[illegible] Sandwich Islands and the Philippines [illegible] the next largest producers, combined

The beet sugar production of European countries, where the industry is principally carried on, in the crop year 1897-8 is estimated at 4,925,000 metric tons of 2204 pounds each, and the sugar-cane production of the world at 2,460,000 metric tons

In both kinds of sugar the production was considerably in excess of that of the preceding year. The world's visible supply of raw sugar at the beginning of the crop year was about 1,317,500 metric tons, which brings the total present supply up to about 8,702,500 metric tons. In the United States the production of beet-sugar is increasing steadily, though the industry is still in its infancy. Our production of sugar-cane is 345,000 metric tons also an increase. The United States uses more sugar than any other country—an average of seventy pounds per annum for each man, woman and child

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Paying Political Debts With Citizenship

The recent conviction of persons who issued fraudulent naturalization certificates has served to emphasize the need of more stringent rules governing the process of

naturalization and the absolute necessity of uniformity of procedure in such cases. A bill has been prepared for presentation to Congress which provides for the uniform administration of our naturalization laws and for the safeguarding of the investiture of citizenship.

The qualifications necessary for citizenship are uniform, but the method of conferring the sacred rite is not under Federal regulation, but is left in the hands of the State and Federal Judges. The remedy proposed in the bill is to leave the educational qualification, as heretofore, to the discretion of the Judges, but the Courts will sit to hear applications, and such applications must be heard in the presence of the Judge. Among the many good points of the bill is the one that no public officer, nominee for public office, nor member of campaign or political committee can act as voucher for any applicant for citizenship. The applicant must also state whether he has ever before applied for citizenship at any other Court.

If this bill becomes a law, it will correct a glaring abuse of the right of citizenship. It makes practically no innovation as to the qualifications for citizenship, but an opportunity is given to contest applications of doubtful merit. Besides, it takes from the hands of the petty politician, or the ward heeler, his ability to secure citizenship for an applicant in return for the applicant's vote at a subsequent election.

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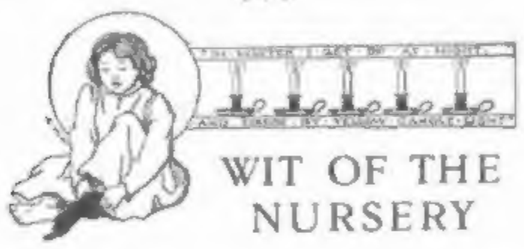

WIT OF THE NURSERY

VERIFIED BY THE PICTURE.—"What is a furlough?" asked a Columbus, Ohio, teacher. "It means a mule," was the reply of Mary. "'Oh, no," replied the teacher, "it doesn't mean a mule." "Indeed, it does," said Mary. "I have a book at home that says so." "Well," said the teacher, now interested, "you may bring the book to school, and we'll see about it."

The next day Mary brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words: "Going Home on His Furlough."

THE SHEET-ANCHOR OF FAITH.—The small boy had been only a day or two at the kindergarten when he approached his father, showing a great deal of indignation. "Papa, they say they ain't any Santa Claus. That it's not true; they ain't any such thing. Papa, there is a Santa Claus, isn't there?" The father thought a moment. Then he concluded he would tell the child the truth.

So he took him on his knee and told him it was a pretty fabrication, made up by fathers and mothers who loved their children, to make them happy; and the fathers and mothers were the real Santa Claus. The small boy listened in silence. This was a shock to him. He slid down from his father's knee and walked across the room to the door. He opened it and stood for a moment in deep thought. Then he turned and looked at his father. "Say, papa, have you been filling me up about the devil, too?"

TOMMY'S STAR PART.—Tommy came in one afternoon from an assembly of the children of the neighborhood with his clothes pierced above and below with a great many little holes. "For pity's sake," exclaimed his mother, "what has happened to you?" "Oh," said Tommy, "we've only been playing grocery store, and everybody was something in it, and I was the Swiss cheese!"

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UTILIZING PRAYER.—A little boy was very anxious to have his pious uncle give him a little Jersey calf. The uncle said: "Johnnie, when you want anything very much you should pray for it." "Well," said the little fellow, "do you believe, uncle, that God would give me a calf if I should pray for one?" "Why, of course," said the good uncle. "Well, uncle," said the boy, "give me this calf and you pray for the other calf."

PETER'S BUSINESS INSTINCT.—A little boy named Peter, at a public school, saw his teacher faint and fall. In the general confusion, it was impossible to keep so many curious heads cool, and the little ones flocked round the prostrate lady and her sympathizing colleagues. But this small boy kept both his color and his coolness.

Standing on a bench, and raising his hand, he exclaimed:

"Please, teacher, can I run home and tell father to come? He makes coffins."

The peal of laughter which greeted this unconscious humor awoke the tired teacher from her short trance, and nobody enjoyed the youngster's saying more than she did when the circumstances were explained to her after she had recovered.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XVIII

DEATH OF THE OLD SQUIRE

WITH A DRAWING BY HENRY HUTT

'Twas a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless pit;
The wind was howling away, like a Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where you turn off to the town.

And the rain (well, it did rain), dashing against the winder-glass,
And deluging on the roof, as the devil were come to pass;
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as they would never give o'er.

Lor', how the winders rattled! you'd almost ha' thought that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters; while a ceaseless pelt of leaves
Flew to the doors in gusts; and I could hear the beck
Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room, by a little scrap of fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a-practicing for the choir;
But it sounded dismal, anthem did, for Squire was dying fast,
And the doctor said, do what he would, "Squire's breaking up at last."

The death-watch, sure enough, ticked loud just over th' owd mare's head;
Though he had never once been heard up there since master's boy lay dead;
And the only sound, beside Tom's toon, was the stirring in the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that he was near;
And the chill rain, and the wind, and cold made us all shake with fear;
We listened to the clock upstairs, 'twas breathing soft and low,
For the nurse said, at the turn of night the old Squire's soul would go.

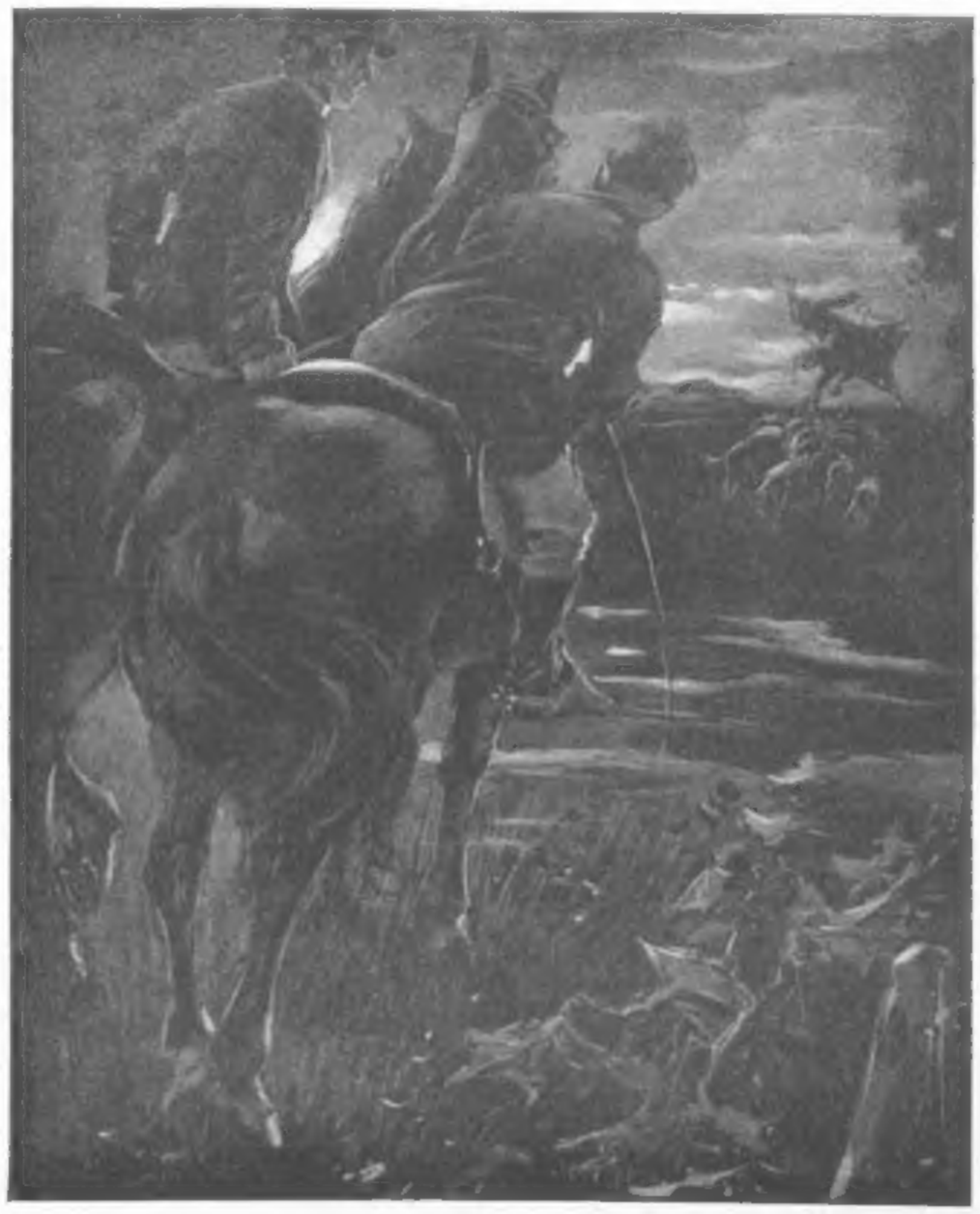
Master had been a wildish man, and led a roguish life;
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared write to his wife?
He beat the Rads at Hindon Town, I heard, in twenty-nine,
When every pail in market-place was brimmed with red port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why, for forty year or more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his fayther did afore;
And now to die, and in his bed—the season just begun—
"It made him fret," the doctor said, "as it might do any one."

And when the young sharp lawyer came to see him sign his will,
Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going to kill;
And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed to do him good;
For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill Wood.

But then the fever it rose high, and he would go see the room
Where mistress died ten years ago when Lammastide shall come;
I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down;
Moreover, the town-hall was burnt at Steeple Dinton Town.

"WE SAW THE SQUIRE FALL STONE DEAD"



It might be two, or half-past two, the wind seemed quite asleep;
Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch and ward to keep;
The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer fell,
When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret bell.

That hadn't been heard for twenty year, not since the Luddite days.
Tom, he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house a-blaze
Had sure not scared us half as much, and out we ran like mad,
I, Tom, and Joe, the whipper-in, and t' little stable-lad.

"He's killed himself," that's the idea that came into my head;
I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowly was dead;
When all at once a door flew back, and he met us face to face;
His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked like the old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and crying like a child;
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce and wild;
"Saddle me Lightning Bess, my men," that's what he said to me;
"The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop or Etterly.

"Get out the dogs; I'm well to-night, and young again and sound,
I'll have a run once more before they put me under-ground;
They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall be said
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his bed.

"Brandy!" he cried; "a tumbler full, you women howling there";
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip, though he was old and weak;
There was a devil in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the dogs, to humor him, and sounded on the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard Bourne;
I buckled Lightning's throat-lash fast; the Squire was watching me;
He let the stirrups down himself, so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and, ere I well could mount,
He drove the yard-gate open, man, and called to old Dick Blount,
Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again,
And was spreading like a flood of flame fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing he was gone;
We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,
And down the covert ride we heard the old Squire's parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half way down the vale;
I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn him back;
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free and fast,
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be passed,
For it was swollen with the rain; but, ah! 'twas not to be;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got her stride;
She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side;
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and as we stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the Squire fall stone dead from the mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry the hounds went out of sight;
A cloud came over the broad moon and something dimmed our sight,
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under breath;
And that's the way I saw th' owd Squire ride boldly to his death.

Stumbling Stones of Life

By ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY, D. D., LL. D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Seven

"A stone of stumbling."—Isaiah VIII : 14.

A STONE of stumbling"—a bad obstacle in the centre of the straight highway, blocking the traveler's path, and seemingly impassable. He who goes forward blindly will stumble upon it, will lose his balance, and will have a fall more or less disastrous according to his recklessness.

There are, however, beside this, two alternatives. One may crawl round it, may waste time, strength and spirits, and, if there are other like obstacles looming up before him, may lose heart for further progress, and stray off into side-ways, which look smooth, but have snares and *pitfalls* instead of stumbling stones. Or one may climb it, surmount it—that is, mount upon it, stand on top of it, where there is a more bracing air, a clearer outlook and onlook, while the extensor muscles have gained vigor in the climb, and are in all the better condition for an ascending progress and for other obstacles as they may be encountered. Our appointed life-way is an ascending path—upward if we would have it onward.

There are, often, a great many obstacles on it, mercifully placed there to train and exercise our best powers of mind and heart, none of them insurmountable, though some of them are steep and rough in the climbing. It is for us to choose whether we will stumble on them, crawl round them, or surmount them, and our destiny is contingent on the wisdom which we show in our choice.

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Among the obstacles, temptations are the most obvious in the way of many—no less real and inevitable in the way of those whom we call the untempted; for in the most sheltered home-life, and in society that seems to lie entirely out of the shadow of evil, there is no little of wrong-saying and wrong-doing under the sanction of example, custom or fashion, which conscience may ignore, but cannot justify or palliate.

At the same time, we who account ourselves as separate from sinners are often under the strongest temptation to sins of negligence and omission; and very many to whom the words of our confession, "We have done those things which we ought not to have done," seem a superfluous form, need close self-scrutiny, and ought to bow in sincerest self-humiliation as they say, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

As to what are commonly called temptations, such as are encountered by boys and men in early life, though seldom by women in a prosperous condition, the only safety is in surmounting them. The remaining alternatives are in most cases equally fatal. The choice between them is generally a mere question of time; and *if one* is going to ruin, it matters very little to him how fast he goes, and the *faster* the less harm he does in this life—and to fewer persons.

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For those who stumble and fall on the first temptation to dishonesty or to vicious self-indulgence, self-recovery is indeed possible, but only by profound self-abasement and the most heart-probing penitence. For the greater part of them, the wrong that they have done seems to them very much less wrong, nay, almost right, because it is they who have done it. As I have said here and elsewhere so often that I should be ashamed to say it again, were it not at once the most important and the most neglected truth in practical morality, one's own example is of immeasurably more importance to him for good or for evil than all the moral precepts that were ever uttered or written, and all the examples that were ever set. He who stumbles once has seldom any objection to stumbling again, and as often as there is a stumbling stone in his way, till he is mortally crippled and maimed in soul, and it may be in body, too, and is beyond help.

But there are many who crawl round the obstacle. They will not do the thing that they are tempted to do, but they will do the thing nearest to it that they can call by a name not utterly bad (as, for instance, when a young man, instead of stealing outright, secretly borrows), but which is the same.

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They will get as close as they can to the border-line between right and wrong, where they can look over into the forbidden territory, and brood upon it, and wish that the line, instead of running straight, would curve out a little here and there. And then they will stray timidly over the line into some path which seems to run just outside of it, and diverges from it at so acute an angle that they keep it in sight for a while, then unawares lose sight of it, see no way back, and so flounder on to utter perdition. This is with sad frequency the history of crimes of embezzlement and peculation. I think that we all have known men who seemed not aware that they had ceased to be saints till they were arraigned as criminals.

But the surmounting of the first severe temptation is a most memorable epoch, to be looked back upon with fervent gratitude. For one has to bring into intense action every sinew and muscle of the inner man, and that action is development. It creates strength that outlasts present need, and is in reserve to make the next obstacle, however steep and high, easier to be surmounted. Then, too, he who has thus trampled Satan under his feet has a serener and brighter outlook and uplook, is nearer Heaven, in a purer sky, and with a conscious benediction from his God and his Saviour.

All that I have said applies with equal force to the less conspicuous sins of speech and deed, as to which we must either yield to them, compromise with them, or surmount them, the latter only without lowering our character, impairing our usefulness, and blending such virtues as we may possess with faults that tarnish their lustre and even threaten their continued existence.

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I want to speak even more emphatically of our sins of omission. Here duty is the stone of stumbling—the obstacle in the way of progress. There are a thousand things which we ought to do, yet which it is much easier not to do. There is the work belonging to our calling, profession, or home life; there are kindnesses and charities; there are services demanded by this and that social or public interest—an amount that often looms up before us very threateningly, yet as to no part of which can we get rid of a sense of obligation. There are those who stumble at once. They have no hesitation to neglect entirely much of what they perceive to be incumbent upon them, and they are known and know themselves to be idlers, loiterers, often obstructive cumberers of the ground they occupy. These, however, are few.

For us who have many claims upon us, the danger is that we creep round these obstacles of close-besetting duty instead of facing them fairly, and vigorously surmounting them. We half do the things which we are unwilling to leave wholly undone. We do superficially what we ought to do thoroughly. We postpone kind deeds with fair words, and with promises which we mean, but never find time to keep. We give our names where active effort is due. To-day there are calls upon us which we put off till a morrow that never comes. All this is, at the outset, with the best intentions, with the will to be true, helpful and useful to the utmost of our ability, yet still with an undue love of ease, and a reluctance to set aside our own passing convenience or pleasure. This tendency, once yielded to, grows upon us, till we become incapable of thorough work, are trustworthy only in part, are insincere without knowing it, and have procrastinated duties and obligations so piled up as to make a higher obstacle than we can surmount.

'Our only true course is to surmount these obstacles, one by one, as we reach them; never to let them accumulate, never to permit them to become piled up. Every duty has its fit moment, and if postponed it must be either dropped, slighted or suffered to displace some other duty. The rule should be: Do faithfully and finish thoroughly the work in hand, the work of the day or hour, and let your daily path have, for the blocks of its ascending pavement, duties surmounted, on which at nightfall you may look back and down with a clear conscience, and then turn for the morrow, with ever more elastic vigor, to those which rise before you, to you not stones of stumbling, but successive steps and stages on your way to Heaven. Not only in essential duty, but in every aim or pursuit, whether of scholarship or of professional success, or of any worthy object of ambition, there are stones of stumbling, obstacles to be encountered and surmounted, and they are not hindrances, but helps—the more of them and the steeper, the loftier will be the summit attained, and the finer the view.

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The world often marvels at what it calls self-made men, who seem to have birth, position, surroundings, everything against them, and it is commonly said that they became what they are in spite of the obstacles in their way. In point of fact, they became what they are by means of those obstacles. The stones of stumbling were their stepping stones, on which they rose as they went on; and but for those stones they would never have risen above, hardly to, mediocrity. I have before me to-day young persons who have their ambitions, as students, as destined for some honorable profession or calling, or as in training for some social position of more or less commanding influence.

My friends, you will have your obstacles at the outset—hard things to learn or to do, difficult problems to master; skill to acquire; knowledge which you can make your own only by patient and sometimes disappointing and baffling effort. Leave these things undone, and you will merely vegetate, not live. Slight them, and the greater your seeming success at the beginning, the more certain and fatal will be your ultimate failure. On these early steps there are obstacles which you can surmount, and which you must surmount, if you would get a firm foothold, and maintain a sure progress, in any walk of life where there is need of intelligence, knowledge, self-reliance and trained ability.

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Among stones of stumbling I cannot but lay stress on afflictions, which we all who reach mature years must encounter, and which, I cannot doubt, when we shall look back upon them from Heaven, we shall account, as we try to think them now, as the merciful appointments of a benignant Providence in His efforts to save us.

But it rests entirely with us whether we will make them so. We may stumble upon them and fall. We may let them darken for us all that remains of life, so that it shall be passed as under the shadow of death. But such is the native elasticity of the human soul that few succumb thus hopelessly. Our danger is that we creep around these obstacles rather than stumble upon them; that we let fresh scenes, engagements and hopes occupy and distract us, suppress or drive out sad memories, and leave us, though really maimed and crippled as to this lower life, with no stronger hold on the life above and beyond; nay, with a worldliness the more earthly because we neglected the Heavenward call with which God voiced our trial or our bitter sorrow. But we may surmount these obstacles, and ascend over their summits to the mount of clear vision, where we can behold the gems and jewels of the amaranthine crown reserved for us, transcending the wealth of worlds upon worlds; the place among the chosen children of God before which all earthly success and honor dwindle into insignificance; the home in the Father's house on high, where our dearest await us in their Heavenly homes, and will welcome us when we get there; where the family will be unbroken, and the farewell will never be uttered. No more parting; no more death.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation" is said in prophetic vision of those nearest the throne, first in song, clad in raiment pure and white as the coronation robe of their Lord and Saviour. Nor is this blessedness without its earthly foreshining. We certainly have known among our saints here below those who have climbed where they stand over loss, disappointment, shattered hopes, broken fortunes, manifold bereavements; and every stumbling stone of trial and sorrow in their way, as they have surmounted it, has brought them nearer to the Pisgah from which, across the death-river, they can see the promised land in all its beauty and glory. Such are they who realize, with Saint Paul, himself their type of righteousness, what it is to be "as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

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Let it not be forgotten that it is in the surmounting of obstacles that we are specially the followers of Jesus Christ. It is this that made Him great, that gave Him the primacy among the sons of God, the name above every name. He might have quietly served His generation in some small way, but would have wielded no influence beyond His time, would have left no example for the world's guidance and salvation.

He had to encounter every obstacle of birth and position. Born in a manger, of the lowliest parentage; brought up in an obscure village of a despised province, remote from any centre of culture or influence; with no friends except poor and unlettered artisans and fishermen—just human, however richly endowed; susceptible of all human infirmities, and with a will-power that might have been curbed and deadened by hindrances that seemed insuperable—on those very stones of stumbling He rose to the consciousness of a position in which multitudes might hang upon His words, and the champions of stupid traditions tremble at His iconoclastic might. He knew what He was—all that He might be and do.

Then there came to Him the temptation so to use His conscious capacity of influence and power of action as at once to free His people from the Roman yoke, and to earn for Himself, from their well-merited gratitude, wealth, rank and fame. The stones of stumbling towered mountain-high on His way, and there was ample room for Him to creep round them, with no trespass upon the absolute right, under shelter of patriotic loyalty, and with every selfward motive to seek a kingdom of this world. For forty days and nights in the wilderness He kept in sight the pile of jagged rocks before Him, which he could climb only with torn hands and bleeding feet, and the smooth, easy way round it, by which He could creep into favor and grovel into earthly eminence and power.

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He made the irrevocable choice. He stood on a summit with all that the world could give beneath Him—on a summit indeed, but only at the base of those loftier heights which He had seen in remoter vision. Now, close at hand, are a homeless life, weary days, nights of lonely watching, treacherous friends, enemies on every hand, the scorn and hatred of men in place and power, Herod and Pilate, Jew and Gentile, else at strife, made one for His destruction; and high above all, in ever clearer view, the mount of Calvary, the cross of shame and agony, the bitter, ignominious death. But to His eye the heavens are opened, and from the cleft sky there sink into His soul the words of God, "This is my beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased," and from every depth of His inmost being goes forth the response, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, oh, my God."

On and up He pursues His unhalting way, at every step overcoming, surmounting the world, till from the cross he rises to the right hand of God, to the throne of redeemed humanity, before which in the fullness of time every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess Him to be Lord, and whence come to each of us His words: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne." Let us try to be faithful.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the Post series represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. Stumbling Stones of Life is taken from King's Chapel Sermons. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The first seven sermons in this series are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D.D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI—The Ground of Christian Certainty,	by George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16
VII—Stumbling Stones of Life,	by Andrew P. Peabody, D. D.,	July 23

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

The Button Off His Coat

SHE told him that men were false,
That love was a dreadful bore,
As they danced to the Nanon waltz
On the slippery ballroom floor.

He said that her woman's face,
The crown of her shining hair,
Her subtle feminine grace
Were haunting him everywhere.

He told her his orders had come
To march with the dawn of day;
A soldier must "follow the drum"—
No choice but to mount and away.

A sudden tremor of fear
Her rallying laughter smote,
As he gave a souvenir—
A button from off his coat.

He went to the distant war
And fought as men should do;
But she forgot him afar
In the passion for something new.

His trinket amongst the rest
She wore at her dainty throat;
But a bullet had pierced his breast
Where the button was off his coat.

—The London Figaro.

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The Flag That Waved at Cavite

ABOUT Senator Mason's portrait in his LaSalle Street law-offices, says the Chicago Record, is festooned the red-and-saffron flag of Castile. It came to him in a sack made from a piece of sail canvas, and with it was a letter from the crew of the flagship Olympia. "This flag," ran the letter, "was taken (after the destruction of the Spanish fleet) from the forts and arsenal at Cavite after the bombardment and surrender —Manila Bay, May 1, 1898."

The red of the banner has faded some and the saffron of the middle bar turned to a dirtier yellow. Here and there is a blotch of Spanish blood, and scattered over the seven-by-ten feet of bunting are innumerable bullet holes. Some of them are wide rents made by pieces of bursting shell, and others like peas show where rifle bullets went through. On each of the red bars of two feet in width are patches sewed by sailor fingers. In the centre of the flag is the coat-of-arms of Castile, with the lion rampant and the castle tower, dimmed by the stains of battle and the strong glare of a tropical sun.

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Curiosities of Our Calendar

THERE are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29.

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A Mountain That Intoxicates People

IT AFFORDS a new sensation. A keen, bracing atmosphere will often have an almost intoxicating effect upon a fatigued constitution. But here is something of quite a different nature—a mountain which emits vapors of a kind no less deadly in their effect than the intoxicating constituents of alcoholic drinks. Hinter Mountain is in the Fort Davis region of Western Texas. It is here that the sensation is to be found. The traveler finds himself faced by a small sugar-loaf mountain, with a tiny cone at the summit characteristic of an extinct volcano.

As he commences the ascent, he at once experiences a sensation which he cannot in any way account for. Climbing higher and higher he becomes more and more conscious of a perfume like strong ozone, which has an unmistakably exhilarating effect upon him. The perfume grows intenser. It cannot any longer be doubted that there is a smell of alcohol. In a few moments the traveler becomes aware of a disastrous effect upon him. He becomes wildly hilarious, begins to dance deliriously, then he staggers, and finally is as likely as not to fall down insensible.

Similarly birds and animals have been found intoxicated in the neighborhood, and evidently return again and again to enjoy the sensation. Scientists have not been able to explain the phenomenon. But it appears that the crater gives out alcoholic fumes, and in such quantities that only the most hardened can remain near without feeling the effects.

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Dancing Eleven Miles in an Evening

AN AVERAGE waltz takes a dancer over about three-quarters of a mile; a square dance makes him cover half a mile. A girl with a well-filled programme travels thus in one evening: twelve waltzes, nine miles; four other dances at a half-mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles more; the intermission stroll and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate her gown and complexion, half a mile; grand total, eleven and a half miles at the least estimate.

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The Virtues of the Straight-Back Chair

WHEN our grandmothers were girls, and straight-back chairs instead of cushioned divans were the usual resting-places, says the Public Ledger, the young women held themselves with a straightness that was almost stiffness. Then when they grew old they still held themselves like duchesses. For it is the way one sits rather than the exercise one takes that determines the erectness of the figure. A prominent physician says that the proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight and that the support needed for the upper part of the body shall be felt in the right place.

Therefore it is necessary to sit as far back in the chair as possible, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight the shoulders will also rest against it; but even if the shoulders have no point of support, it will be found that they do not need it when the base of the spine is supported properly. This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. Every organ of the body is properly fixed by this attitude. The feet should rest squarely upon the floor; thus perfect equilibrium and rest are secured. The arms should never be crossed, for that position causes a strain upon the spine, places a weight upon the stomach and diaphragm, and thus greatly increases the labor of digestion and respiration.

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Promoting Men in Our Naval Service

THE report from Washington that the President had "advanced" a number of officers for conspicuous conduct, has caused many people to ask what it means to be advanced five, or six, or ten numbers. An advancement of this kind is a promotion. In the United States Navy the officer who is No. 1 on the list of his grade is advanced to the first vacancy in the next higher grade, and the nearer a man is to No. 1 the better his chances for promotion become.

While officers in the United States Army are not always promoted according to their seniority, the unwritten law is usually carried out in the Navy, and a man who reaches No. 1 in his grade is sure to go higher if he is not retired or does not die before a vacancy occurs in the next higher grade.

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The Largest Payment for Poetry

A LITERARY man recently made known to a reporter of the Washington Star that one of the authors of The Rejected Addresses wrote an address that not only was not rejected, but was paid for at the rate of more than three hundred dollars a word. Said the man of literature:

"Do you know the highest price ever paid for a single short poem?"

"Of course I do," he said. "It was that thousand dollars which one of our American periodicals paid to Tennyson for a couple of dozen lines or so."

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but the highest price ever received for a short poem was by a man—an Englishman, too, by the way—bearing the plebeian name of Smith. His poem was shorter than Tennyson's, and he got fifteen times as much for it."

"No American publisher, however much of an anglomanine he may have been, was fool enough to pay that amount for a poem."

"I'll admit it was an Englishman who paid the money," said the literary person. "This Mr. Smith, who died in 1839, at the age of sixty-five, was a brother of Horace Smith, and the two Smiths wrote those very clever things of a bygone day known as The Rejected Addresses, being imitations of some famous authors.

"On one occasion our Mr. Smith dined with Mr. Strahan, the King's printer, who was suffering from old age and gout, though his mental faculties were as bright as ever, and the next morning Mr. Strahan received from Mr. Smith the following stanza:

"'Your lower limbs seemed far from stout,
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk;
The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upward, and the strength
All settles in the head.'

"This compliment was so pleasing to Mr. Strahan that he forthwith added a codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed three thousand pounds to the poetical Mr. Smith.

"This price," concluded the literary person, "is at the rate of $1875 a line in our money, and as there are forty-seven words in the poem, each separate word brought the lucky genius about $319.10.

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When Wild Animals Die in Seclusion

IT IS the rarest thing to find the bodies of wild animals, except such as have plainly died in conflict or by accident. In tropical countries the bodies of dead animals rapidly decay, and their smaller bones are devoured by greedy beasts. But the same scarcity of animals is noted in the Arctic regions, where, because of extreme cold, decay is almost unknown. Here big beasts like the Siberian mammoth have been "kept on ice" for many centuries, and eaten at last by natives.

Birds swarm by the millions in summer on the Arctic tundra, and seals, reindeer, foxes, walruses, and other land and water animals are there. Nordenskjold notes this strange absence of "self dead" polar animals. Not one did he see, though there were plenty of traces of man's wanton waste of life in creatures dead of gunshot wounds.

"The polar bear and the reindeer," he writes, "are found in hundreds, the seal, walrus, and white whale in thousands, and birds in millions. These birds must die a 'natural death' in untold numbers. What becomes of their bodies?"

It is probable that animals almost universally hide themselves when they feel the pangs of approaching death. Their chief foe is hunger, coupled with old age. Distemper kills foxes and wolves as well as domestic dogs and cats. Chills and heart disease count animal as well as human victims. Old animals die of indigestion, especially when their teeth become too poor to permit of their procuring food or chewing it when found.

All this, however, doesn't explain what becomes of the dead animals. Perhaps that will cease to be a mystery when we find out where all the pins and shoe-buttons go.

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What the Shoulder-Straps Mean

NOW that so many Army and Navy officers are seen in uniform, many will be glad to learn how their rank may be known. This is a comparatively easy matter, if one understands the full significance of shoulder-straps. In the United States Army, the color of the cloth of the strap distinguishes the various corps, while in the Navy a peculiar ornament in addition to the insignia of rank is used to designate the corps. A strap without a bar signifies a Second Lieutenant, the corresponding Navy grade being the Ensign; one bar, First Lieutenant in the Army and Junior Lieutenant in the Navy; two bars, Captain in the Army and Lieutenant in the Navy; a gold leaf, Major and Lieutenant-Commander; a silver leaf, Lieutenant-Colonel and Commander; a silver eagle, Colonel and Captain; a silver star, Brigadier-General and Commodore; two silver stars, Major-General and Rear-Admiral; three silver stars, Lieutenant-General and Vice-Admiral; four silver stars, General and Admiral. These tell the rank of any officer.

KIPLING'S GRACIOUS REPLY.—Tennyson praised Rudyard Kipling's "English Flag," and Kipling's answer to his letter of commendation gave him pleasure: "When the private in the ranks is praised by the General he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights all the better next day."

RIDER HAGGARD'S FANCY IN COLORS.—Rider Haggard's house in Suffolk is painted a brilliant mustard color. The printer unfortunately inquired of a facetious clerk the address to which Mr. Haggard's proof sheets were to be sent. The youth told him Mustard-Pot Hall, Bungay. Suspecting no evil, thither were they addressed. The author, who received them safely, called at the printer's afterward, and possibly convinced the clerk that a too-ready wit is not always an enviable possession.

DAVIS AND LI HUNG CHANG.—It is a story told of the well-known writer, Richard Harding Davis, about a colloquy he had in St. Petersburg with Li Hung Chang. Davis was asked by the venerable statesman the customary questions—namely, as to how old and how rich he was, and what he did? He replied, "I write books." "Why do you write?" asked Li curiously; "are you not strong enough to work?"

•

WHEN JÓKAI LOST HIS TEMPER.—Maurus Jókai, the famous novelist, as a young man invariably rose at four in the morning and worked for sixteen hours a day. He has never ceased to regard novel-writing (apart from its success or failure) as the happiest of all occupations. He is reported to have once lost his temper with a friend who argued with him on account of the untidiness of his dress and writing-room. "I dislike all luxury, except the luxury of leisure for brain-work," was his reply. "Most men love luxury because they haven't any brains!"

HOW MARK TWAIN WAS CAUGHT.—Mark Twain tells thus the story of his first great London banquet, at which, by the way, there were 800 or 900 guests. He admits that, not having been used to that kind of dinner, he felt somewhat lonesome. The Lord Mayor, or somebody, read out a list of the chief guests before he began to eat. When he came to prominent names the other guests would applaud. "I found the man next to me rather a good talker. Just as we got up an interesting subject there was a tremendous clapping of hands. I had hardly ever heard such applause before. I straightened up, and set to clapping with the rest, and I noticed a good many people round about me fixed their attention on me, and some of them laughed in a friendly and encouraging way. I moved about in my chair and clapped louder than ever. 'Who is it?' I asked the gentleman on my right. 'Samuel Clemens, better known in England as Mark Twain,' he replied. I stopped clapping. The life seemed to go out of me. I never was in such a disagreeable fix in all my days."

WARNER'S ADVICE ON REFINEMENT.—Charles Dudley Warner was talking to the students of the Art League in New York about refinement. He made it appear desirable, of course, and one of the students inquired: "And how may one attain this ideal of refinement?" Mr. Warner stroked his whiskers earnestly for a space, but this was the utmost he could find of encouragement: "A very good way is to inherit it."

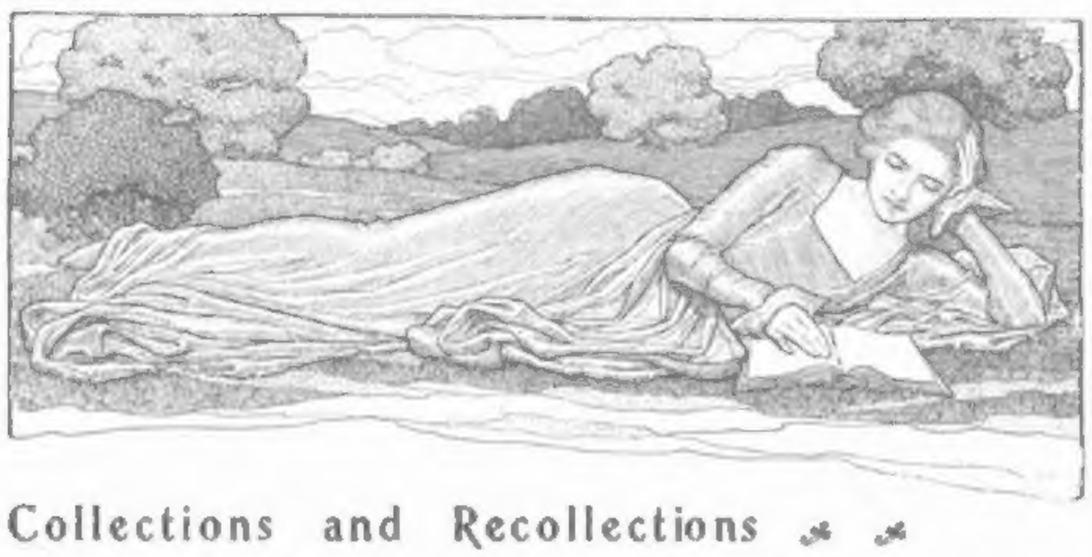
•

ZOLA AS A HUMORIST.—Zola is not usually regarded as a humorist, says London Figaro, but there is a good story told of a joke he once tried on a Paris waiter. The waiters in Parisian restaurants, no matter what is asked for, are never at a loss for an answer, and when Zola one day demanded a "sphinx à la Marengo," a member of the fraternity replied, "I am sorry to say they are off, monsieur." "What," demanded Zola, "no more sphinxes?" The waiter came up close to the novelist, and in a whisper said: "We have some, monsieur; but I don't care to serve them to you, as they are not quite fresh."

JULES VERNE'S ROMANCE.—Jules Verne's marriage was decidedly romantic. He was at that time a quiet, shy young man, with an apparent dislike to feminine society. Being induced, much against his will, to serve as best man to a friend, he had a fit of forgetfulness on the very morning of the ceremony, and finally arrived at the house to find that the whole party had left for the church. There was no one remaining at home but the bride's sister, a young widow, who had been unwilling to intrude her weeds on the bridal group. Verne fell in love at first sight; two years later he married the lady, and he has since proved the kindest of stepfathers to her two daughters.

LEW WALLACE'S PROPERTY.—General Lew Wallace has announced that at his death his study will become the property of the city of Crawfordsville, Indiana, for a public library. The edifice has just been completed in his beech grove at a cost of $40,000, and is to be surrounded by an artificial lake.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK



Collections and Recollections
By One Who Has Kept a Diary

SINCE that interesting individual, "An Englishman in Paris," gave us the record of his life in the French capital, no more entertaining volume of anecdote and reminiscence has been issued than Collections and Recollections, by One Who Has Kept a Diary. The pseudonym thinly veils the personality of Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M. P.

The book, which is published in this country by Harper and Brothers, is simply a collection of tales about people prominent in this and the last generation. The author was fortunate in his acquaintances and friends, and he introduces us to them all—poets, peers, preachers and politicians—with some well-told anecdote which develops the distinctive quality of the man.

♦

Of Lord Beaconsfield, he tells these characteristic anecdotes:

"Toward the end of Lord Beaconsfield's second Premiership, a younger politician asked the Premier to dinner. It was a domestic event of the first importance, and no pains were spared to make the entertainment a success. When the ladies retired, the host came and sat where the hostess had been, next to his distinguished guest. 'Will you have some more claret, Lord Beaconsfield?' 'No, thank you, my dear fellow. It is admirable wine—true Falernian—but I have already exceeded my prescribed quantity, and the gout holds me in its horrid clutch.' When the party had broken up, the host and hostess were talking it over. 'I think the chief enjoyed himself,' said the host, 'and I know he liked his claret.' 'Claret!' exclaimed the hostess: 'why, he drank brandy and water all dinner time.'"

"To Matthew Arnold the great Premier, in the last year of his life, confessed:

"'You have heard me accused of being a flatterer. It is true. I am a flatterer. I have found it useful. Every one likes flattery; and when you come to Royalty you should lay it on with a trowel.'"

"As a courtier Lord Beaconsfield excelled. Once, sitting at dinner by the Princess of Wales, he was trying to cut a hard dinner roll. The knife slipped and cut his finger, which the Princess, with her natural grace, instantly wrapped up in her handkerchief. The old gentleman gave a dramatic groan and exclaimed: 'I asked for bread and they gave me a stone; but I had a Princess to bind my wounds.'"

"When Lady Beaconsfield died, he sent for his agent and said: 'I desire that her Ladyship's remains should be borne to the grave by the tenants of the estate.' Presently the agent came back with a troubled countenance and said: 'I regret to say that there are not tenants enough to carry a coffin.'"

♦

In his chapter on titles, Mr. Russell grows satirical. Talking of Irish peerages, which used to be a cheap and convenient method of rewarding political services, he tells the following story of Pitt:

"Pitt, when his banker, Mr. Smith (who lived in Whitehall), desired the right of driving through the Horse Guards, said: 'No, I can't give you that; but I will make you an Irish peer;' and the banker became the first Lord Carrington."

As to baronets, the writer says:

"What is a baronet? ask some. Sir Wilfrid Lawson (who ought to know) replies that he is a man 'who has ceased to be a gentleman and has not become a nobleman.'"

Speaking of "orders," as distinct from titles, he says:

"Of these, of course, incomparably the highest is the Order of the Garter, and its most characteristic glory is that, in Lord Melbourne's phrase, 'there is no d—d nonsense of merit about it.' North of the Tweed, 'the most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle' is scarcely less coveted than the supreme honor of the Garter; but wild horses should not tear from me the name of the Scottish peer of whom his political chief said, 'If I gave —— the Thistle he would eat it.'"

None the less, the author gives a sufficiency of his space to his titled friends. One of them, Lord Shaftesbury, told him the following story of his uncle, Lord Melbourne, when that gentleman was Prime Minister:

"When the Queen became engaged to Prince Albert she wished him to be made King Consort by Act of Parliament, and urged her wish upon the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. At first, that sagacious man simply evaded the point, but when Her Majesty insisted on a categorical answer, 'I thought it my duty to be very plain with her. I said, "For G—'s sake, let's hear no more of it, ma'am; for if you once get the English people into the way of making Kings, you will get them into the way of unmaking them."'"

Another story, of the same man, runs:

"When Lord Melbourne had accidentally found himself the unwilling hearer of a rousing evangelical sermon about sin and its consequences, he exclaimed in much disgust as he left the church: 'Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life!'"

♦

In his collection of repartees, Mr. Russell has many good things; for example:

"One of the best repartees ever made, because the briefest and the justest, was made by 'the gorgeous Lady Blessington' to Napoleon III. When Prince Louis Napoleon was living in impecunious exile in London he had been a constant guest at Lady Blessington's hospitable and brilliant, but Bohemian, house. And she, when visiting Paris after the *coup d'état*, naturally expected to receive at the Tuileries some return for the unbounded hospitalities of Gore House. Weeks passed, no invitation arrived, and the Imperial Court took no notice of Lady Blessington's presence. At length she encountered the Emperor at a great reception. As he passed through the bowing and curtseying crowd, the Emperor caught sight of his former hostess. 'Ah, Miladi Blessington! *Restez-vous longtemps à Paris?*' '*Et vous, sire?*' ('Are you stopping in Paris for any length of time?' 'And you, sire?') History does not record the usurper's reply."

"When the German Emperor paid his visit to Leo XIII, Count Herbert Bismarck was in attendance on his Imperial master, and when they reached the door of the Pope's audience chamber the Emperor passed in, and the Count tried to follow. A gentleman of the Papal Court motioned him to stand back, as there must be no third person at the interview between the Pope and the Emperor. 'I am Count Herbert Bismarck,' shouted the German, as he struggled to follow his master. 'That,' replied the Roman courtier, with calm dignity, 'may account for, but it does not excuse, your conduct.'"

♦

And here are two bright little stories which the author tells of children:

"The late Lord ——, who had a deformed foot, was going to visit the Queen at Osborne, and before his arrival the Queen and Prince Albert debated whether it would be better to warn the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal of his physical peculiarity, so as to avoid embarrassing remarks, or to leave it to their own good feeling. The latter course was adopted. Lord —— duly arrived. The foot elicited no remarks from the Royal children, and the visit passed off anxiously, but with success. Next day the Princess Royal asked the Queen, 'Where is Lord ——?' 'He has gone back to London, dear.' 'Oh, what a pity! He had promised to show Bertie and me his foot!' They had caught him in the corridor, and made their own terms with their captive."

"If the essence of the *enfant terrible* is that he or she causes profound embarrassment to the surrounding adults, the palm of preëminence must be assigned to the children of a famous diplomatist who, some twenty years ago, organized a charade and performed it without assistance from their elders. The scene displayed a Crusader Knight returning from the wars to his ancestral castle. At the castle gate he was welcomed by his beautiful and rejoicing wife, to whom, after tender salutations, he recounted his triumphs on the tented field. 'And I, too, my lord,' replied his wife, pointing with conscious pride to a long row of dolls of various sizes—'and I, too, my lord, have not been idle.' Tableau indeed!"

Tales of Trail and Town, by Bret Harte. It is good to find that three of these stories are in Mr. Harte's earlier vein. Of these, the best, The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras, concerns a child who finds a "pocket" of gold. With boyish stubbornness he refuses to disclose its location. Neither mother, minister nor interested neighbors can move him. At last a playmate, a Delilah of five, draws the secret from him. But, so soon as she gains the desired information, she regrets the part she has played, and, contrary to the precedents of her sex, she, too, refuses to tell the secret. Another of the stories, The Three Truants, deals with boys—the sturdy, independent American lad whom the author delights to portray. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

♦

The Londoners, by Robert Hichens. In this latest display of his versatility, the clever author of The Green Carnation sets out to be screamingly funny. The result is broad farce—a Hoyt extravaganza between covers. A jaded woman of the world seeks to leave society and lead a simple, country life. In the ambition of a friend, a dashing American divorcée, to push her way into the "smart set," she finds her opportunity. As a woman, the American cannot attain recognition, but masquerading as a man she is received, and an outrageous flirtation between the pair offends society sufficiently for the heroine's purposes. Despite a bewildering succession of amusing complications and absurdities, the story drags somewhat; for its movement is hampered by unnecessary details and explanations. The fun too often degenerates into horseplay, and there is a peculiarly British quality about much of the wit. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

♦

Boston Neighbors in Town and Out, by Agnes Blake Poor.—In Our Tolstoi Club, the first of eight tales which make up this readable little volume, Miss Poor shows a frank appreciation of the characteristics which differentiate Boston and its circle of surrounding suburbs from the rest of the world. Nor does she spare them some sharp pen-thrusts. Less brightly sketched, but of greater interest, is The Story of a Wall Flower, in which the neglected heroine becomes engaged to the homeliest man of her acquaintance, taking it for granted that he is poor to boot. But, much to the disgust of her relatives, the match turns out a better one than they had hoped, and she is set down by them for a mercenary little wretch. The stories are full of a quaint New England humor and make capital reading. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

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